

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

VOL. XLVI

APRIL 1911

NO. 4



1866

ORGAN OF THE
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

1911

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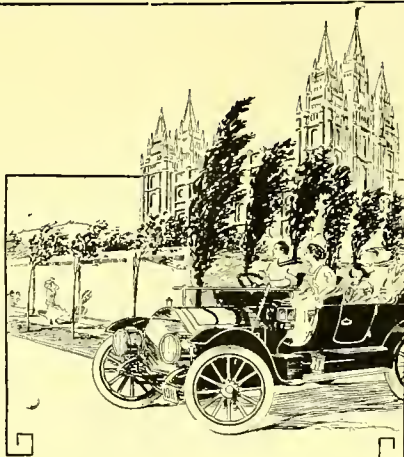
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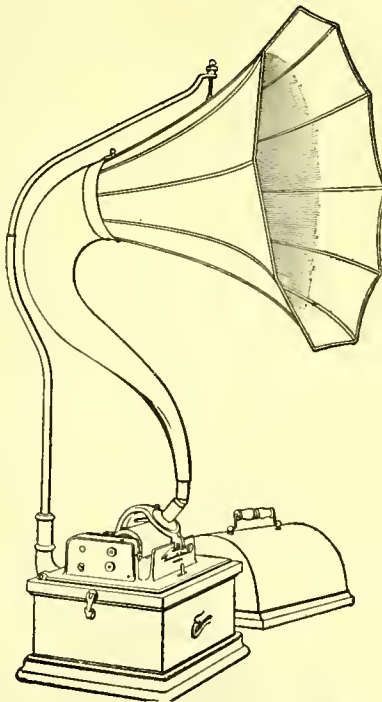
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CHRIST IS RISEN.

The Lord is risen indeed,
He is here for your love, for your need—
Not in the grave, nor the sky,
But here where men live and die.

Wherever are tears and sighs,
Wherever are children's eyes,
Where man calls man his brother,
And loves as himself another,
Christ lives! The angels said:
"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

—Richard Watson Gilder.



"Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God."—John 20:17.

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A Visit to Oberammergau.

By Jennette McKay Morrell.

Aside from the pleasure of the Passion Play itself, the ride from Munich to Oberammergau and the visit to the quaint little village more than compensates for the time and money spent on such a trip; and one returns with a strong desire to revisit the quiet little valley during its ten-year period of rest.

The train makes a gradual ascent from Munich until it reaches the valley about three thousand feet above the level of the sea. On each side of the road are hills thickly forested with pine and fir, with an occasional picturesque lake between, and here and there a group of typical peasant homes.

Long before the village comes in view, one sees the grand old Kofel upon the summit of which has been erected a large wooden cross; and there is something at once inspiring about that sacred symbol, two thousand feet above the gaze of passers-by, especially when one has become accustomed to seeing not only the cross, but also the figure on it at every wayside shrine, at the head of two-thirds of the graves in cemeteries, and in every available nook and corner in and around the churches. It may be because Americans are unaccustomed to this frequent occurrence in their own country, that they seem not to be inspired as many of the people here appear to be by their uplifted hats or their making the sign of the cross whenever they pass one. Whether it

is due to this or to some other cause, it is true that the people generally, and the children especially, show far greater reverence for their churches than is shown among our own people.

This cross may be seen from every part of the little town, and one's visit is not considered complete unless one has climbed to its foot. From here one has an excellent view of the narrow winding streets, with the two-story white houses coming to their very edges on both sides; the church surrounded by its crowded churchyard; the Passion Theatre, and the Ammer River winding its way through the village, out beyond where the cattle are peacefully grazing, and finally disappearing between other mountains of the Ammer Range. So quiet is it all, that the tinkle of the cow-bells and the lowing of the small herd as it is called home for evening can be distinctly heard.

Surely a spot so peaceful and so far removed from the bustle and noise of the busy world is an ideal one for the presentation of the sacred life of our Savior. The life of the villagers, too, is as different from that of their worldly neighbors as their little home town is from the busy, noisy city only three and one half hours away.

The people connected with the Passion Play in any way, number nearly one-half the inhabitants of the entire village. Of these, probably two thirds are wood-carvers, painters, and sculptors, but the cast includes also

carpenters, shoe-makers, tailors, bakers, farmers, wood-fellers and daily laborers. They live the simple life and their very simplicity, combined with their sincerity, makes them artistic in their presentation.

For so many generations has the Play been a part of their life and religion, that they instinctively revere it and aspire to take part in it. When their forefathers solemnly vowed in 1633, to perform the "Passion of Our Lord" every ten years if the plague were lifted from them, they were not more sincere than are their sons and daughters today in maintaining that vow. They have refused large sums of money to present it in other cities; they sacrifice many things to be worthy of their characters in the play.

and every mother feels that the greatest honor that can come to her baby



ANTON LANG AS "CHRISTUS"

girl is to be selected to play the part of Mary, and she would rather see her son in the role of "Christus" than on a king's throne.

The play belongs strictly to Oberammergau and her people, and only native born sons and daughters are allowed in the leading roles. The present text was revised by the Village Priest, Josef Alois Daisenberger, about the middle of the last century. The music was composed by Rochus Dedler a school-master and talented musician of the little town.

At the station we saw an attractive looking little fellow wearing the conventional long hair, and one of our party asked him what part he had in the play. He replied with as much pride as though he were the leading character, "I am one of the mob that follows Christus." During our conversation with Marie Mayr, who is the Mary Magdalene, she said: "I shall never marry or go away while I can retain my part in the play;" and every one else connected with it considers it his first duty, pleasure, and pride. Miss Mayr speaks good English, hav-



MARIE MAYR AS MARY MAGDALENE.

ing lived in London a number of years. Mr. Lang, the Christus, also speaks English, as do many others of the players. Some of them have traveled extensively and have been entertained by noted people of other nations.

The theatre is a frame building, with a seating capacity of four thousand. It is all enclosed except the foreground and the sides of the stage leading to the back. At one side is the house of Annas, and at the other, the house of Pilate; the centre, back

ple on the stage at the same time, so one can judge of its size.

About the play, itself, there is an indescribable charm, and the thousands of people from all lands sit there from eight in the morning until six at night, with but two hours intermission, and never tire.

It is in seventeen acts divided into three parts: the first, from Christ's entrance into Jerusalem and the cleansing of the Temple, to His arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane; the second, from His arrest to the con-



FAREWELL FROM BETHANY.

from the foreground, is where the wonderful tableaux are given. The building has been erected since the performance of 1900, at a cost of sixty-two thousand dollars, given from the receipts for that purpose. That the building is inadequate is evident from the extra performances that were given every week between June and September for the benefit of those who could not obtain seats for the regular dates. In one or more of the scenes, there are seven hundred peo-

denation under Pilate; the third, from the condemnation to the Resurrection.

Each act is preceded by a prologue which is spoken by Anton Lecliner and then sung by a chorus of about forty voices. The curtains are then drawn from the middle stage and there appears a tableau depicting a scene from the Old Testament, intended to be a parable with the following scene from the life of Christ. For example, "The Expulsion from

Paradise" is given before "The Cleansing of the Temple;" "The Departure of Tobias from his Home" before "The Parting at Bethany;" "Joseph

The most impressive scenes are "The Parting at Bethany," "The Last Supper," "In the Garden of Gethsemane" and "The Resurrection." The



THE LAST SUPPER

Sold by his Brethren" before "Judas Selling his Master," and many others most beautiful and suggestive of the similarity between the Old and the New Testament histories.

entire play, however, is beautiful and does not appeal to one as the work of amateurs. There is no ranting, and while it is far from being a finished production, there is enough of the tru-



THE RESURRECTION.



ANTON LANG AND FAMILY.

ly artistic about it to make it thoroughly enjoyable.

The Passion Play presents the life of Christ in a most impressive manner, and makes many events seem clear that before seemed questionable or at least inconsistent in the minds of many. It appears perfectly natural for the masses of the people to ridicule Christ, and even to seek His life, when one realizes the power that impels them, and sees how often even His own disciples, who are with Him constantly, misunderstand Him. One is inspired, too, with sympathy rather than censure for the Apostles who sleep in the Garden, when they are left alone in the dark after their arduous day's labor. It is not possible for them to realize what is coming to their Master as we do who read it in the light of all that happens later. Even for Judas, there are tears of compassion in his scene of remorse after the realization of his monstrous crime. The impetuous Peter is heard jumping at conclusions so often that it seems only natural for him to deny his Lord so soon after His protestations of faithfulness. It is a human

love that is depicted when Christ parts from His mother at Bethany, and it is a human cry of anguish that asks that the bitter cup may pass, and that emphasizes the strength required to say, "Thy will be done." Christ's love and patience and suffering are taught

JOHANN ZWINK, WHO REPRESENTS
JUDAS ISCARIOT.

in such a way that hearts are filled with a greater love and reverence for Him, and surely, "Those who came to scoff remained to pray."

How so many could see the beauty of the organization of Christ's church as far as it is depicted, the love that existed among the disciples and between them and their Master, the inspiration and strength that came to them, the ministration of angels, the resurrection of the dead, and not ask, "Why haven't we those things in our churches today?" how so many could see the evil power impelling the

masses to persecute the Savior of the world even to His death and not realize that it is the same power working against the same organization to-day, is pitiful if not incomprehensible.

What gratitude is inspired by the thought that at least some of our Father's children have the same glorious gospel that Christ taught while He was on earth; and what a burning desire fills one to explain that Truth to those who are less fortunate!

"Too much cannot be sung or said
To bring about the Gospel's spread
Among the honest sons of men,
To lead them back to Christ again."

He is Risen.

By Grace Ingles Frost.

"Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen."—Luke 24:5 and 7.

He is risen! He is risen, is not myth,
Nor legend culled from lore of olden time—
No idle tale to recompense the hours;
'Tis truth imperishable, truth divine,
Which e'en doth find expression through the flowers.
"He lives! He lives!" rejuvenescence sings,
"Rejoice! rejoice! He lives, the King of Kings!"

He is risen! He is risen! Ye who doubt,
Wipe ye the blinding dust from out your eyes:
Doth not the day triumphant from the gloom
Of e'en the longest, darkest night arise?
Why then so hard to grasp that from the tomb,
Victorious life to fuller meaning springs?
"He lives! rejoice!" a new creation sings,
"Rejoice, rejoice! He lives, the King of Kings!"

He is risen! He is risen! Lo, a voice
Doth sound from surging roar of rolling seas—
With hope's ambrosial nectar full be filled—
"Let requiem of unbelief be stilled,
Its puerile notes create discordant keys."
Humanity's deep cup, from lip to lip,
Aye, pass it on and on for all to sip,
Until one perfect harmony there rings—
"Rejoice! rejoice! He lives, the King of Kings!"



The Story of the Frozen Feet.

By John Henry Evans.

The Dobson family were gathered around their camp fire in front of the tent—father, mother, two sons, and two daughters. Their hand-cart, worn and tired-looking as themselves, stood near by.

"Pile some more wood on, Tommy!" commanded one of the girls, "let's have some fun!"

Fun, indeed! What fun was there to be got out of twenty-four inches of snow, a million stars blinking with very cold, six all but empty stomachs, and a pair of frozen feet in camp?

Yet Tommy, who was the owner of the frozen feet, got up and replenished the fire, and in the roar and splendor of the consequent blaze, all the ills that flesh was heir to on that dismal journey were forgotten.

Then there rose on the air a four-part hymn that would have thrilled the heart of any wayfarer who had chanced that way. It was that unforgettable "Come, Come, ye Saints!"

which lends itself to such effects in the open air! And lest you may not happen to know it, I must tell you that the Dobsons came from Lancashire, where everybody sings whether he feels like it or not, and *can* sing.

The last strains had barely died away when faces and forms began to appear in the outer circles of light. Ghosts they looked like, spirits of the dead and gone, returned to haunt the neighborhood where they had spent their wretched lives. But they were not ghosts, they were merely fellow hand-carters come to get out of this melancholy trip the best that was to be got out of it. Wasted and fagged they all were, but not so much so that they could wring no joy from such music. Nor were they too weak to applaud vociferously.

"Let's have another!" they shouted.

Then "The Spirit of God like a Fire is Burning" was sung, not by the six voices whose owners were nearest the

blaze, but also by the scores of visitors, who had come out of the shadow into the full glare of the fire-light. Not only so. The volume of sound increased as the hymn progressed, for as other members of the company joined the group they added their voices, till all the air was atune.

"Hey! hey!" cried the lusty voice of a new comer just after the last notes of the song had died—"hey, hey! What's all this noise about? Looks as if you were celebrating Waldon's wedding!"

It was "Eph" Hanks. He was not a member of the hand-cart company. He had come with others from the Valley to succor the poor emigrants. Several days now he had been with them, cheering them, advising them, and healing many through his gift of healing. A truly wonderful man was Ephraim Hanks, rough though he appeared in many ways:

"Why," asked some one, "has there been a real wedding, then?"

"Sure," answered Hanks, "thought you knew all about it by your carryings-on. Waldon and Sister Dawson's married—married this afternoon."

"What! Susie Dawson?" chorused the crowd.

"Susie Dawson," repeated the informant—"the same Susie Dawson as come in Martin's company. She's married to Waldon."

"And who's Waldon?" inquired another voice.

"He's one of the men that's here at Fort Bridger. Oh, he's a good Saint," he added, by way of forestalling a question on that point. "But that ain't what I come for," he went on. "Where's Tommy?"

"Here I am," Brother Hanks.

Brother Hanks, when he had located the lad, threw him something, with the remark—

"Here's what I promised you when we got to Fort Bridger. I tried to get shoes, but I couldn't. All I could

get was that pair of heavy socks. How's your feet, anyway?"

"Oh, just about the same—can't see any difference. The toes are as hard as bullets, but I don't mind them, as long as I can walk."

"If he don't lose those toes, especially the two big toes, then I don't know anything about frozen feet."

This from a man who had come with Hanks.

"Well," said Ephraim, "I'll administer to them; then you'd better go to bed."

"Let's have him sing the 'Hand-cart Song' first!" shouted several.

Tommy stood up, and in a fine tenor voice, though withal untrained, he sang the "Hand-cart Song" from the beginning to its almost interminable end, after the fashion of prairie songs in those days. Hard hands and shaky voices thereupon showed their appreciation.

The young man then stripped his feet in the warm fire-light. There was not much in the way of decent covering to strip off. Hundreds of miles back his shoes had given out, and there were no others to put on. There was not even so much as an unused pair of socks for him to put on. He had therefore wound strips of old cloth around his feet and legs, covering them with coarse burlap. This would have done better service probably than his shoes, if his toes had not been frozen before. And so he had walked hundreds of miles with his feet in this condition. It was then that Hanks had said—

"Tommy, when we get to Fort Bridger, I'll do something for those feet."

And now that Tommy's frozen feet were bared, Ephraim Hanks, suddenly turned from a jocular man into a grave servant of the Lord, anointed the feet in the name of Christ, and, with one other elder, administered to the young boy. Then he put the heavy woolen socks on his feet, wrapped them as they had been be-

fore, and sent him into his tent to bed.

Tommy had been in bed scarcely five minutes when all of a sudden there arose on the air such a hurrahing as he had not heard before in the camp. What had happened? He was not long left in doubt, for he divined from the conversation going on that the newly married couple were in camp.

To let the reader into the secret, a couple of the more waggish handcarters, when Hanks told the crowd about the marriage, had gone forth with in search of the newly-weds and had led them triumphantly into camp.

There was handshaking with congratulations, as Tommy could easily tell, followed by comic and sentimental singing by members of the crowd. Afterwards there issued forth the strains of a violin.

Tommy knew what was about to happen now, and his Lancashire blood began to tingle.

Jim Dumfries was vociferously called for. He came, the fiddle struck up a lively air, and then there was the swift patter of the clog dancer!

That was more than Tommy could

stand, for, as I have said, he came from Lancashire, where clog dancing was well established as an accomplishment indispensable to the education of children. Up he jumped and elbowed his way to where he could see Jim dancing on the hind end-gate of a wagon.

A neighbor poked Tommy in the ribs. "You can't do that, Tommy!"

He knew that Tommy could dance the clog dance to the Queen's taste, and he also knew that the boy had frozen feet. He threw out the challenge only to tantalize him.

Quick as a flash Tommy jumped on the end-gate, and danced at a rate that astonished those who had seen him do the clog dance many times before.

That was the last he ever heard of his frozen feet.

"I've got as good a pair of feet," he is wont to say, "as ever man walked on, with never a corn or a bunyon on them!"

For Mr. Dobson is still living, and proud he is not only of his perfect feet but also of the fact that he can dance the high-land fling.

MASTER ROBIN.

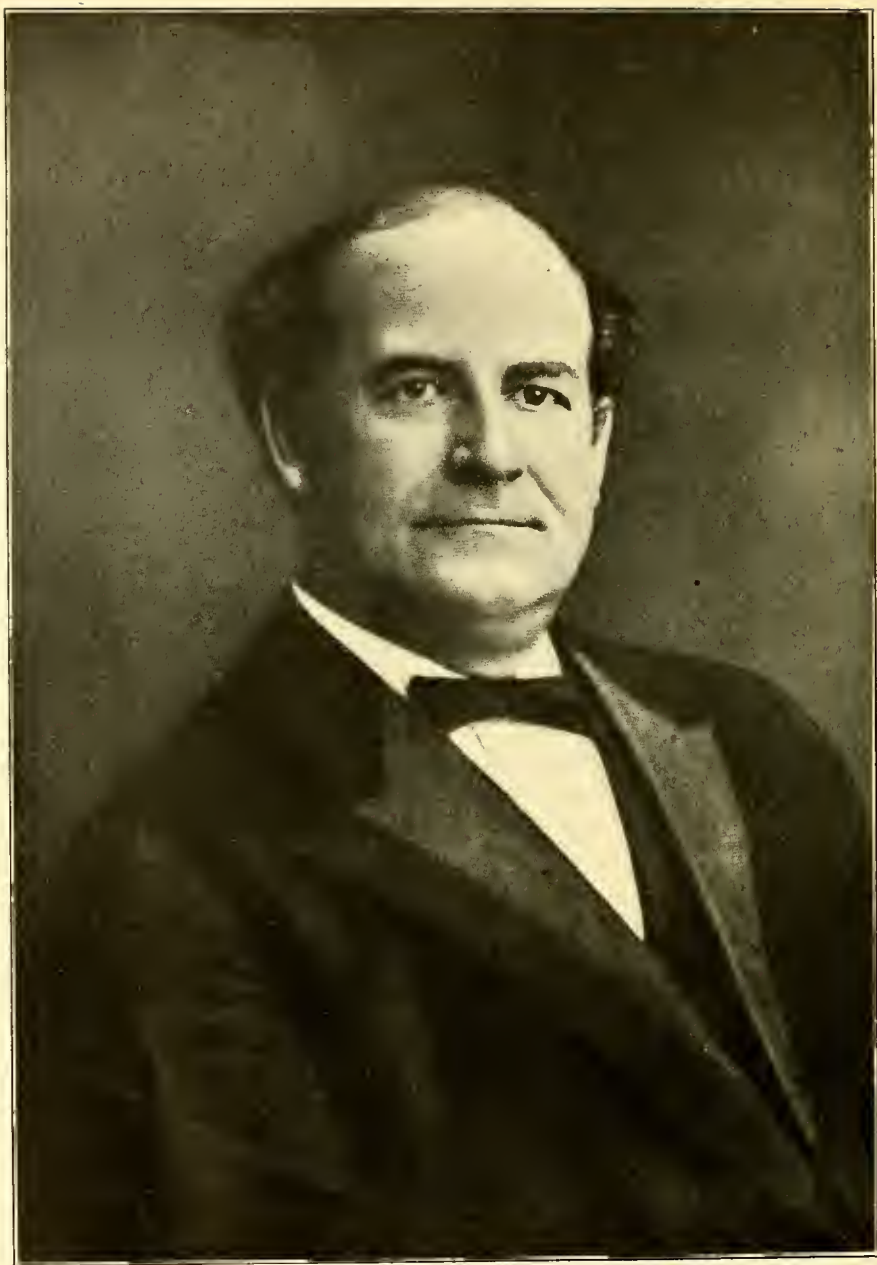
Zitella Cocke, in Youth's Companion.

Of all the chaps who come with spring,
I love dear Robin best,
He is the first to sing his song,
The first to build his nest.
He greets you, too, as you pass by
With such a note of joy,
I do believe he has a heart
Exactly like a boy!

He's not a coward, no, not he,
He never takes a dare,
But if there's any fun around
He's sure to take his share.
Besides, he is a gentleman
Who's always nicely dressed
In quite a stylish swallowtail
And very handsome vest.

He steps quite like a dandy, when
He's out on dress parade,
And though Jack Frost is watching him,
He's not a bit afraid.
But, independent as you please,
He heeds nobody's call,
And sings just when he has a mind,
In springtime or in fall.

He's good friends, too, with all the flowers,
And wakes them from their sleep;
'Tis at the sound of his dear voice
That they begin to peep.
I love him and his song, and when
I hear it, sweet and clear,
I shout, "Now hurry up, Miss Spring,
For Master Robin's here!"



HON. WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Total Abstinence

THE ethical comes first. Man is not to be measured by his muscular strength or by his mental alertness alone. The seat of his power—the center of his influence—is the heart. His ideals control him and his associates know him by those ideals. The first thing he has to do is to bring himself into harmony with the Divine Will, and the second to reflect as perfectly as possible the light which he receives from above. Man cannot serve his God without recognizing his responsibility to God for every thought, word and act, and cannot serve his fellow-men without a full realization of the importance of making his example helpful to all who come into contact with him, and this he can not do unless he is willing to make such sacrifice as may be necessary to strengthen his weaker brother.

The use of liquor as a beverage can be condemned on the ground that it is a needless expense at best and on the further ground that it is a dangerous habit to acquire under any circumstances, but the Christian finds a third reason for total abstinence; namely, that he loves his brother more than he loves drink and finds more pleasure in setting him an example that would be helpful, than he could possibly find in the gratification of his taste for alcohol.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

Written for the Juvenile Instructor.

Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

By Nephi Anderson.

V.

One Sunday morning in late June, Mr. Chester Lawrence alighted from the train at Croft and strode over to the primitive livery stable across the way.

"Have you a horse and buggy I can have for the day?" he asked.

"Where ye goin'?"

"Out on the Flat."

"Wall, one horse'll find it purty bad travelin', 'cause there's sage-brush in the middle of the road."

"Well, give me a two-horse rig, then."

A horse and saddle would have answered on a week day, but this being Sunday, and he having on his "Sunday best," Chester thought it wiser to drive out in a buggy.

Already a hot sun blazed from a cloudless sky. The plain lay baked and dry. The sage-brush was covered with dust. Chester drew on driving gloves, tucked back his white cuffs, and pulled the lap robe well up. "This is a dirty, dusty country," he remarked to himself; "hardly the place for black clothes and white linen."

He headed the team across the Flat towards Piney Ridge, which shone in the morning sun as a spot, cool and clean in the dreary landscape. He made the horses travel, and a streak of dust trailed behind.

Half way across, he met a number of people, some in wagons, some in buggies, and a few riding horse-back. He turned out into the sage-brush to let the vehicles pass. The people were all "dressed up" and were no doubt going to some Sunday meeting. Presently ahead of him in the dust of the passing teams he saw driving towards him an elderly man and a young woman. Yes, it was Mr. Elston and his

daughter. When they met they both drew out of the road, but as they were about to pass, Chester stopped. He took off his hat in greeting and said, "Good morning." Julia recognized him with a nod and "how de do."

"Is this Mr. Elston?" enquired the young man.

"Yes; that is my name."

"Well, I was just going out to your place in hopes that I might get to see you. I was told you could give me some information on land matters."

Hugh Elston looked closely at the speaker. He had never met him before, and yet there was something about the young man that looked familiar, something in his voice that brought back old-time memories. He did not answer for a moment. Then suddenly, "We are going to Sunday School. If you have time you may go with us. Afterwards I shall be pleased to give you any information I can."

The young man was pleased to do this, so he turned and followed them as they drove off. He dropped behind to escape the dust, but not before he had got a good look at Julia. She wore a white dress, over which was thrown a cloak. A sailor hat was pinned to the coils of brown hair. She held in her hand a bouquet of roses.

Presently they turned to the right, away from the road to the station, crossing the small valley and dry creek. Three miles farther they came to a school-house, around which were a number of teams and horses tied. Mr. Elston drove up to the door, cramping his vehicle to let Julia alight. She threw the dusty cloak back into the wagon. "Go in," said her father; "don't wait for me." Then he suggested a hitching place for the stran-

ger, and when both teams were secured, the men went in together.

This was the first time Chester Lawrence had ever been in a "Mormon" meeting-house. Not even the tabernacle in Salt Lake had attracted him to it. He wanted nothing whatever to do with "Mormonism." He and his had had enough of that, and it would be the last thing on earth he would encourage by his presence. However, here he was; but he had an end in view in going to this "Mormon" meeting out in the sage-brush country, and his object was not to get information on points of "Mormon" doctrine. He thought he knew some of this doctrine, and he hated it with all his soul.

Chester was shown to a seat in the corner by the door where there were already half a dozen young men and women. From this point of vantage he could see everything that went on. The room, he observed, was neat enough, though somewhat crude. The seats were school desks, and it was plainly seen that this room was used for all gathering purposes. The smooth, shining appearance of the floor surely told of the ball-room.

Mr. Elston sat on the raised platform behind the teacher's desk, and Julia was busy with the smallest children at the other end of the room, taking their hats and finding them seats. The visitor became interested in the strange scene, but his eyes rested on Julia most of the time. She moved among these sturdy but somewhat unpolished people with the grace of one who has had training elsewhere. A tiny red bud was tucked between the coils of her hair, and a larger blossom was pinned on her dress. The bouquet she placed in a glass tumbler on the teacher's desk.

The exercises began by the singing of a hymn, accompanied by an organ. Then someone was called from the body of the house to offer prayer. Another song was sung, a young lady read the minutes of the previous ses-

sion of the school, which were accepted by a raising of hands. The whole school then repeated some passages from the Bible, after which there was some practice on a new song. Two curtains were then drawn across the room making three compartments. The superintendent introduced himself to the stranger, and asked him would he like to visit the departments or would he rather remain where he was in the theological class.

Chester hesitated. "We'll look around, anyway," said his guide, "and then you may come back here. You know, we claim to have as good a school as there is in the stake, even though we are so few."

He led the way behind the curtains, Chester following and wondering what a "stake" was. "This is the Intermediate department," was explained. "They are studying the life of Christ, but they are a little behind the outlines." They have "outlines" even out here, thought the visitor. They listened a few minutes, then stepped around the other curtain into the Primary department. Julia was telling the children the story of Samuel; how his mother had given him to the Lord when he was a little boy; how he lived with Eli in the temple; and how the Lord had called him in the night. Julia told the story well, not heeding the presence of the superintendent and the visitor. Chester would have liked to remain in the primary department, but he was led back to his first place.

Here Mr. Elston was the teacher, and this class was studying the Book of Mormon. Now, thought Chester Lawrence, he would hear some "Mormonism." So far he had not seen or heard what he had expected. These other classes were using the same Bible as the Christians used, and the same stories were being told the children that had been told to him—many years ago. From this Book of Mormon, surely would come some "Mormonism."

The lesson topic that day was the story of the two thousand young men, "Helaman's striplings," who fought so valiantly to protect their rights and liberties. Their fathers had been dark-skinned Lamanites, who had covenanted that they would never more take up arms against their brethren; but the time came when the liberties of the Nephites, their protectors, were in danger, and so there come forward some two thousand of the young men who were free from the covenant of their fathers. These covenanted to fight for the freedom of their brethren, even to the laying down of their lives. These, so the history gave it, "were exceedingly valiant for courage, and also for strength and activity * * * they were men of truth and soberness, for they had been taught to keep the commandments of God." And then the strange wonder of this story was that though this little army went through a long and bloody war, fought many battles and every man of them receiving many wounds, yet not one of them was killed!

After the story was brought out, the teacher asked questions.

"What was the secret of the young men's strength?"

"Their implicit faith," was the reply.

"True; and how had they obtained such great faith?"

"Their mothers had implanted it in them."

"Brother Johns," said the teacher, "read what it says about that." The brother read from the text: "'They had been taught by their mothers, that if they did not doubt, that God would deliver them. And they rehearsed unto me the words of their mothers, saying, We do not doubt our mothers knew it.'"

"Yes," commented the class instructor, "this is one of the most striking instances we have of the influence of the mother. After all, is it not true, that the children are what the moth-

ers make them. The father, of course, is a factor—some more, some less—but I think the great truth holds good that the mother is the greatest power for good or evil in the training of the growing child."

As Chester Lawrence sat and listened, looking intently at the speaker, he wondered at what he heard. He could not accept this book as history, but he could find no fault with the moral teachings drawn from it. Yes; it was surely true that as the mother taught the child, so was he inclined. His own mother had told him that the "Mormons" were a bad people and that "Mormonism" was a vile religion—that, of course, must be true; but where were the evidences? So far he had seen none—there were to be preaching services after the Sunday school—then he would hear the "real thing."

After the school was dismissed, Hugh Elston explained to Chester that because of the long distances from the homes of the people to the meeting place, the services followed directly after the school, thus making two drives unnecessary. After a ten minute intermission, some more of the older people having arrived, the meeting was called to order. After the opening exercises, a number of men were unexpectedly called from the congregation to preach. The first, a young man, had recently returned from a preaching mission to the Southern States, and he told of his experiences, among which were a number of drivings by mobs with shot guns. The second speaker preached from a scriptural text, showing that faith, repentance, and baptism were necessary for salvation. The last speaker was an old man. He told of the early settlers of the West, and how he had left his home in England, and had pulled a hand-cart across the plains in early days for the sake of his religion.

At the close of the meeting Hugh Elston asked the visitor if he would

drive home with him. As Chester needed no second invitation they were soon on the road towards Piney Ridge. They arrived early in the afternoon. Julia sprang out and ran into the house, while the men unhitched and fed the horses.

"I don't believe you have told me your name," said the older man.

"My name is Chester Lawrence," was the reply.

"I thought so."

"Why, how could you know?" I have not told it to anyone about here."

"No; but you have your mother's face and voice."

The young man was somewhat surprised and annoyed. This man knew him, perhaps knew his whole secret, and what he was there for. He had not counted on this.

"Come," said Mr. Elston, "we will go in and have some dinner. Then I shall be pleased to give you any information that I have about land—if that is what you want."

The young man followed his host into the house, not knowing on the spur of the moment what else to do. The table was already set for three. Julia had slipped a big work apron over her dress, and was cutting bread. The rose-bud was still in her hair—and there was heightened color in her cheeks.

"You have met my daughter before, I believe," said the father. "Julia, this is Mr. Chester Lawrence." Julia bowed. She took his hat and the father directed him to the wash basin, where he could "get rid of some of the dust."

"It's all ready, father," called Julia presently.

"All right, we're coming."

When the two men were seated, Julia took her place. Her father nodded to her, and the girl bowed her head and asked the blessing.

"Now, Mr. Lawrence," said Hugh Elston, "you must help yourself. We have no cooked dinners on Sunday; but we have plenty of cool, sweet

milk, not robbed of its cream, good bread and butter, thanks to Julia, and so we get along."

"I can assure you there can be nothing better than just this," replied the young man, "especially during these dry, hot days."

"We think so. We are simple people, Julia and I, and our luxuries do not run to eating."

"You have a very fine place here—a sort of oasis in the desert."

"Yes; we have a home—that's all. Even if we are a long way from neighbors. But we are contented. Julia is just closing her first effort at school teaching, and that has been a change for her."

"How do you like it?" asked Chester, glad of the opening to bring her into the conversation.

"Well, sometimes I like it and sometimes I don't."

"I suppose that's the way with everything, isn't it?"

"All work has its unpleasant duties," said the father.

Then Chester asked about the unoccupied land lying idle in the region.

"Some day," explained Mr. Elston, "all of it will be under cultivation. Some day the government or some big companies will dam the river thirty miles away, and will bring water along the foothills here to irrigate the Flat. Then the land will be valuable, for it is the finest kind of soil. A good deal of the land is already taken, but large areas are yet to be had—Julia, get another pitcher of milk, will you. Get it from the milk house where it is cool."

No sooner had Julia left the room than Mr. Elston, looking steadily across the table at his guest, asked, "Is your mother alive?"

"Yes."

"Is she well?"

"Yes."

"I am glad to hear that. Now then, young man, what do you want?"

Chester moved back from the table.

There was no use in hedging; this man was not to be played with or fooled. He might as well boldly declare what he came for.

"Come," urged the older man, "speak while the girl is away. I don't want her to hear you—that's why I sent her out."

"Well—my mother thinks she deserves some support from you."

"And you have come out here to see what I have got—to see if it is worth while trying for?"

"Yes."

"Is your mother poor? Is she in need?"

"No, sir; she is not—"

"If she is, I will help her."

"She does not need help; but she wants her rights, that is all—I—"

Just then Julia came in and placed the milk on the table. She glanced at the two men who had ceased eating and were in a strange mood. The girl understood her father well, and it took but a look and a slight movement of his head for her to know that she was to leave them together.

"I'm going up to my room," she said. "You'll call me if you want anything, won't you?"

"Yes, my girl."

As the door closed behind her on the upper landing, the two men again faced each other across the table.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

My Prayer

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer Thee.
 Make my mortal dreams come true,
 With the work I fain would do;
 Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in Thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;
 Out of self to love be led,
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my nature's habitude.

John G. Whittier.

GEMS FROM THE LIVING ORACLES

POLITENESS

TRUE politeness is ever an indication of good breeding. With some people it is innate, with others it is acquired by cultivation, but, however it comes, politeness, if continuously practiced, will exert a powerful influence for good upon one's whole life.

IT'S the distinguishing line separating the gentleman from the boor. Like a magnet, politeness attracts notice, wins respect, elicits admiration and strengthens friendships; while, conversely, rudeness repels, annoys and arouses a feeling of disgust in the minds of those who are refined and cultured.

THE boy, or girl, who maintains an attitude of politeness to his father and mother, showing a thoughtful consideration in every movement, giving ready obedience to their slightest wishes, and asking and answering questions in a soft, gentle but sympathetic tone of voice, is greatly to be admired and will undoubtedly make his mark in the world. It follows as "the night, the day," if he is thus polite with his parents he will be also with his brothers and sisters and with people generally.

OUR Savior is the great exemplar, and a careful perusal of the four gospels leads one to believe that His life was adorned with this admirable gift. He was ever thoughtful, tender, sympathetic, and loving towards the poor and needy and those who were in any manner afflicted. They who appealed to him in faith were not turned away unanswered and disappointed. His divine teachings, so considerate, so impressive, so fully adapted to the needs of the soul, could only come from a great heart and a gentle nature and leave no doubt in the mind that Jesus was truly polite in His intercourse with men. That little children should follow in His footsteps and become like Him is a consummation much to be desired, and would be commendable and praiseworthy in all.

IT was a spirit of wisdom that prompted the sage to say: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

RUDGER CLAWSON.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

Published Monthly. Price \$1 a year, payable in advance.

Entered at Post Office, Salt Lake City, as Second-Class Matter.

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SALT LAKE CITY

APRIL, 1911

Philosophy and the Church Schools.

Some questions have arisen about the attitude of the Church on certain discussions of philosophy in the Church schools. Philosophical discussions, as we understand them, are open questions about which men of science are very greatly at variance. As a rule we do not think it advisable to dwell on questions that are in controversy, and especially questions of a certain character, in the courses of instruction given by our institutions. In the first place it is the mission of our institutions of learning to qualify our young people for the practical duties of life. It is much to be preferred that they emphasize the industrial and practical side of education. Students are very apt to draw the conclusion that whichever side of a controversial question they adopt is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; and it is very doubtful, therefore, whether the great mass of our students have sufficient discriminating judgment to understand very much about some of the advanced theories of philosophy or science.

Some subjects are in themselves, perhaps, perfectly harmless, and any amount of discussion over them would not be injurious to the faith of our young people. We are told, for example, that the theory of gravitation is at best a hypothesis and that such is the atomic theory. These theories help to explain certain things about nature. Whether they are ultimately true can not make much difference to the religious convictions of our young people. On the other hand there are speculations which touch the origin of life and the relationship of God to his children. In a very limited degree that relationship has been defined by revelation, and until we receive more light upon the subject we deem it best to refrain from the discussion of certain philosophical theories which rather destroy than build up the faith of our young people. One thing about this so-called philosophy of religion that is very undesirable, lies in the fact that as soon as we convert our religion into a system of philosophy none but philosophers can understand, appreciate, or enjoy it. God, in his revelation to man, has made His word so simple that the humblest of men, without especial training, may enjoy great faith, comprehend the teachings of

the Gospel, and enjoy undisturbed their religious convictions. For that reason we are averse to the discussion of certain philosophical theories in our religious instructions. If our Church schools would confine their so-called course of study in biology to that knowledge of the insect world which would help us to eradicate the pests that threaten the destruction of our crops and our fruit, such instruction would answer much better the aims of the Church school, than theories which deal with the origin of life.

These theories may have a fascination for our teachers and they may find interest in the study of them, but they are not properly within the scope of the purpose for which these schools were organized.

Some of our teachers are anxious to explain how much of the theory of evolution, in their judgment, is true, and what is false, but that only leaves their students in an unsettled frame of mind. They are not old enough and learned enough to discriminate, or put proper limitations upon a theory which we believe is more or less a fallacy. In reaching the conclusion that evolution would be best left out of discussions in our Church schools we are deciding a question of propriety and are not undertaking to say how much of evolution is true, or how much is false. We think that while it is a hypothesis, on both sides of which the most eminent scientific men of the world are arrayed, that it is folly to take up its discussion in our institutions of learning; and we can not see wherein such discussions are likely to promote the faith of our young people. On the other hand we have abundant evidence that many of those who have adopted in its fulness the theory of evolution have discarded the Bible, or at least refused to accept it as the inspired word of God. It is not, then, the question of the liberty of any teacher to entertain whatever views he may have upon this hypothesis of evolution, but rather the right of the Church to say that it does not think it profitable or wise to introduce controversies relative to evolution in its schools. Even if it were harmless from the standpoint of our faith, we think there are things more important to the daily affairs of life and the practical welfare of our young people. The Church itself has no philosophy about the *modus operandi* employed by the Lord in His creation of the world, and much of the talk therefore about the philosophy of Mormonism is altogether misleading. God has revealed to us a simple and effectual way of serving Him, and we should regret very much to see the simplicity of those revelations involved in all sorts of philosophical speculations. If we encouraged them it would not be long before we should have a theological scholastic aristocracy in the Church, and we should therefore not enjoy the brotherhood that now is, or should be common to rich and poor, learned and unlearned among the Saints.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

NO MATTER what the service is, whether small or great, do your best. That may be very imperfect, but it is all that an angel could do, and it is all that God requires. Your best is what he expects, it is what your conscience tells you is the thing for you to do, and it is the only thing that will give you perfect peace of mind. Do your best to live right, and God will see that you do not lose your reward.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and
Stephen L. Richards.*

The Closing of the Door During the Sunday School Opening Exercises.

Not a few complaints have been received from different sources regarding the extreme methods adopted by some superintendents in closing the door during the opening exercises. These complaints, in every instance, are based not upon the use of the practice of closing the door, but on the abuse of it. Some superintendents have, no doubt, gone to an extreme in this practice.

Extremes, in most things in life, are to be avoided. There is a point below zero on the thermometer that is just as fatal to life as the boiling point. It is the mean temperature that produces the most comfort, and fosters the most energy. People live in the torrid zone and in the frigid zone, but civilized nations thrive the best in temperate climates.

What is true of the physical world is applicable to the intellectual and moral world. Well-meaning men sometimes thwart noble purposes by adopting extreme measures. Virtues, when carried to extremes, sometimes become vices. Eating, drinking, sleeping, exercising, sympathizing, praising—when carried to excess—may all be made injurious.

So it is with recommendations and suggestions in Sunday School work. When executed in the spirit in which they are offered, and enforced with kindness and moderation, they are beneficial, but if carried to the extreme they may be detrimental to the best interests of the school.

The suggestion to close the doors during the rendition of the opening exercises is generally looked upon as a kind of punishment to those who come late, but such is really not the case. The tardies are requested to remain outside at particular times when their entering would disturb those who are participating in an exercise. Any one who considers the feelings and welfare of others must see in this suggestion that it not only prevents any distracting of the mind from the song, prayer, memory gem, or other feature, but adds dignity and sacredness to these devotions, and lends order to the entire assembly.

Now, to obtain these results it is not necessary to keep children, as well as adults, standing outside from 10 o'clock to 10:30. This is extreme and it deprives members of the school of the right to participate in a part of the program. Just when to open and close the door has been left with the stakes to decide for themselves. Usually the door is closed during the rendition of each exercise and the tardies permitted to enter quietly between times. This applies to the administering of the sacrament as well. The doors should be closed during the blessing and passing of the bread, then opened, and closed again until the Sacrament is administered.

Many schools provide vacant seats near the door for tardies to occupy until the adjournment for class work. Such provision, you readily see, is in keeping with the spirit underlying the suggestion to close the doors at stated periods.

In conclusion: Let us keep our opening exercises free from disturbing

elements. Let us foster reverence for our houses of worship and our Sunday School. Let us close our doors with discretion, but in all cases, avoid extremes.

SPECIAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board has called a Sunday School convention for Sunday morning, April 9th at 8 o'clock. All Sunday School workers are invited and a special request is made for the attendance of Stake Boards and ward superintendencies.

The meeting will be held in Bar-

ratt Hall, Salt Lake City, and it will please the General Board if stake superintendencies will give the meeting all the publicity possible and arrange for stake boards to be present.

THE GREAT CONCERT RECITATION.

At the conference of the Deseret Sunday School Union to be held Sunday evening April 9th, the Articles of Faith will be recited by the entire congregation. All Sunday School workers are asked to come prepared to assist in making this the greatest concert recitation of the Articles of Faith ever given in the Church.

SACRAMENT GEM FOR MAY.

**In memory of the broken flesh
We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup afresh,
Our faith in Christ, our Head.**

CONCERT RECITATION FOR MAY, 1911.

(Matthew 7: 21.)

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.

OR

(Matthew 11: 28, 29, 30.)

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly of heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

For my yoke is easy, and my burden light.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Secretaries and Treasurers' Department.

Geo. D. Pyper, General Secretary; John F. Bennett, General Treasurer.

Abstract of Minutes.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board has just decided upon a very important change which will materially affect the work of the Sunday School secretaries.

For a long time past complaint has been made that the reading of the minutes in full occupies time of the general session that might be put to better use; that much of the matter contained in the minutes is uninteresting to the pupils and is given little attention to. In order to save this time and not keep the little ones in the general session too long, the Board recommends that the reading of the minutes in full be omitted, and that instead a brief abstract be read as a substitute, as follows:

Abstract of the minutes of Sunday
..... 1911.
School called to order ata. m.

STATISTICS.

Officers and teachers: Enrolled.....
Attendance..... Punctual..... At-
tendance on the same Sunday last year
.....

Pupils: Enrolled..... Attendance

..... Punctual..... Attendance last
year.....

Parents: Enrolled..... Attend-
ance..... Last year.....

Total attendance..... as com-
pared with..... for the same Sun-
day last year.

It is not intended that this shall do away with the preparation and recording of the minutes, and the duty of looking after this matter will be upon the member of the superintendency having charge of officers' work. The minutes should be read and approved in the 9:30 prayer meeting, and there will be no excuse for negligence on the part of secretaries.

It is hoped that all secretaries will fall into line and accept the spirit of this change, reading the abstract each morning in a good clear voice. Above all things, secretaries should not get the idea from this change that they are in any way released from the important duty of keeping up a faithful record of the Sunday School. The items in the printed minute book are just as important as they ever were, and they will be needed in making up the monthly and annual reports.

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter

We submit the following from a lecture delivered recently before the Utah Teachers' Association by Dr. J. M. Tyler, on Child Growth. It appeals to us as most excellent material for the consideration of our Parents' Classes. The outlines that follow may be used by the various classes that are ready for lessons to supplement the work on Our Educational System. All supervisors and parents will do well to *get and keep the* JUVENILE from this time on, as each number will contain lessons and discussions to guide them in their work.

CHILD GROWTH.

By Dr. J. M. Tyler.

"The stomach is the foundation of all greatness. It is a matter of daily observation if not of experience, that a man can get along very well with very few brains, but a man can't get along at all without a good digestive system. The digestive system furnishes all the material for growth and the fuel which is continually burned or consumed in our nerves and muscles. Now, any furnace requires besides fuel a good draught, and when we burn fuel, by uniting it with the oxygen thus brought in we get the energy which draws our locomotives and our great ships. Similarly in our bodies, our lungs

bring in the oxygen and the heart and blood vessels carry the fuel and the oxygen to every part of the body. But every furnace requires a smoke-stack to carry off the waste, and similarly we must have in our bodies an excretory system to remove the waste of the burned up material and of the used-up tissue of the heart, muscles and nerves. This constitutes the digestive system. The lungs, the excretory system and the circulatory system are absolutely necessary to support the combustion which is going on in nerve and muscle and without which energy is impossible.

All productive labor manifests itself through the muscles. Our muscles directly write the book, speak the word, build the railroads, do the deeds. Taken in order of their development, our trunk muscles are the oldest, our shoulder muscles younger; our arm muscles younger still; our finger muscles are youngest of all, they mature in this order in the child. The heavy muscles of trunk shoulder and thigh require but a small amount of nervous impulse or control, and they react strongly on all the vital organs, as is shown every time that we take a walk. The finest and youngest muscles of the fingers require a very large amount of nervous control for a very small output of the muscular energy and their exercise stimulates the very highest centers in the brain. This is the great argument for physical training, that through one muscle or another you can stimulate and develop as you choose either any vital organ or the highest center in the brain.

Never forget the maxim of the old German physiologist that "health comes in through the muscles and flows out through the nerves." The nervous system was created for good and wise ends, but in many people it has become a nuisance. Its use is to insure that every stimulus from the external world shall call forth a response suited to the emergency. A fly lights upon my face; I wave my hand and drive him away. The fly has tickled my face; there is the external stimulus. A sensory impulse travels to the brain or to some other center and a motor impulse goes from there to a certain muscle in my arm which moves my hand and drives away the fly. The impulse has called out a response suited to that emergency. If I kicked my foot, it would be the wrong response, I should waste my energy without result; the fly would stay there. Wasting of energy is a sin. Don't waste it.

Sometimes, too, our impulses go in the wrong direction. Note this example of right and wrong doing.

There is a marvelous picture given in

the scripture in the parable of the poor man going down from Jerusalem to Jericho and getting wounded, and left by the road-side, and three men pass that way. They all see the same thing. The light is reflected from the poor sufferer into the eyes of these passers-by; a flood of vibration passes on to the brain and then the motor impulses go out to the muscles. In the case of the good Samaritan the impulse went from the brain or the spinal nerve to the arms and he stopped and picked the poor fellow up and carried him off; while in the priest and the Levite, the impulses all went down into the legs and the cowards hustled off for Jerico.

A healthy nervous system is the rarest thing in this wide world. I have one illustration in mind which I always like to think of, which I am going to give you of a perfectly healthy and normal nervous system. You remember how our Lord spent a whole day in preaching, in healing, working deeds of kindness, in pouring out sympathy and comfort, the strain of which on a man's nervous energy is worse than anything else in the world, and how at the close of the day he went into the little boat, took the hard cushion on which the steersman sat, threw it down in the bottom of the boat and laid Himself down with His head on that hard cushion and slept like a child through the rocking of the boat and the roaring of the storm, until His disciples came to him saying, "Lord, save us; we perish." There is not one man in a thousand who could do that work or could put out one-tenth part of that nervous energy and then sleep like that. Anybody who thinks of that Prophet of Nazareth as a weak man or a feeble man has made the mistake of his life. He was perfect physically or he never could have done his work.

All this work of developing a steady nerve, of developing the vital organs for the use of the muscles, has been going on until the child is nine or ten years old. It has been going on very rapidly, and inasmuch as the exercise has been suitable, as his digestion has been good, his growth has been very rapid. During the first three years of its life the child increases its weight more than three fold. During the next three years it adds over forty per cent to this amount and between six and nine adds over thirty per cent more; and then when the boy is about eleven years old, or the girl is about ten, then the growth almost stops that year. It drops to a minimum. Why is that? Nature is economizing her material and husbanding her resources against the trying years which are to come.

You remember the story of the time when Pharaoh in his dream saw the seven fat kine followed and devoured by the seven lean kine; he was told that his dream signified seven years of plenty to be followed by seven years of famine, and was advised to store up the harvests of the good years against the hard times to follow. This is a picture of the child's life. The first seven years of the child's life are years of plenty, when it is storing up material for the years of hard trial, the years of famine, which are close at hand.

Growth is a very expensive process. It begins in the bone. When the bones lengthen out, then every muscle, every nerve has to be lengthened out to suit that extra length, and that means a great deal of waste, for that rebuilding, but it is something worse than that: You know that out of the butterfly egg there comes the caterpillar; that caterpillar goes into a cocoon, and during the life of the cocoon every organ is changed there and it comes out a butterfly. That is what we call a metamorphosis. The girl and boy between ten and sixteen are undergoing a metamorphosis just as sure as that caterpillar is undergoing a metamorphosis. If you leave town for a few years and come back, you know all the old men and women haven't changed any, except to die off. The babies have grown some; but the boy and the girl seem to be grown all over again. That is waste again. It is waste, waste, on all sides and all of that waste is going into the blood, no other place to put it; it ought to be gotten out at once. But there is another thing about it; all the food must be digested, and so oxygen must be gained and waste must be eliminated. All the organs in the trunk between those ages of ten and fourteen are relatively both larger and smaller in girls than at any other period of life. It looks as though nature was making a bad blunder, but she is really making the best of a very bad bargain and doing the best she can under hard circumstances. With these small vital organs and this tremendous draught on the body for new material and the large amount of waste to be eliminated, you are bound to have trouble and that trouble is going to manifest itself first of all in the blood. The blood is going to be poor blood during those years, unless you remedy it, and that poor blood first of all depresses the nervous system, and the girl feels depressed and good for nothing, and she hates to go out into the cold air because she chills, and yet that cold air is what she needs more than anything else in the world. She

hates to make an effort and won't take the exercise which she needs if she can possibly help it. The exercise she must have. Her appetite is gone all wrong. She likes to live on caramels, pickles and all such things as that.

Well, now, I hope it isn't here as it is in Massachusetts; I hope you have got more sense, but the worst of it all is that the girl leaves off playing games in the open air just about the time when she needs them the most, and not having the open air play and the open air games, she can't get the lung capacity and the oxygen.

There is another thing that hinders the girl, and that is this, there is no place for her to play where she can do all she wants to and not have people looking over the fence and criticizing her for having a good time. Every girl ought to have a place where she can play in the open air and not be bothered, and we ought to get more and more games for girls of that age. And then another thing, the exercise should not be too severe. Don't kill a girl with physical training, because you can kill her that way just the same as you can kill her with books, and some of our physical training is too severe for a girl of that age.

It is a fact proven by physical examination that all during this period the better scholars have the larger lung capacity. Those of you who have taught in the grammar schools year after year will know that a bright girl, one that has been very bright, will have a year when she will come to you and will be absolutely stupid and can't learn, and you will say "what ails that girl." She will say, "I don't know what ails me; I can't learn anything and I have become a fool and I was not always." Well, what is the trouble? The trouble is with the lung capacity; it isn't with the brain; the brain is all right. The trouble is here. If you tell that girl to wake up in order to make up that lack of mental ability by studying harder, you are doing the unpardonable sin. I am telling it to you straight. That is not the remedy. The remedy is more play in the open air and then you will find that that girl's brain will clear up, and many a poor girl has been put in poor condition after being urged to study hard, when the fault was that nobody knew enough to turn her out into the fresh air which the Lord intended she should have.

There are other things we should do. We ought to have in every school five minutes, and it would be better to have ten minutes, between every school ex-

ercise, when the girls can walk up and down, chat with one another and get the blood out of the overloaded head and down into the cold feet. That is where it ought to go, and let them walk around in that way. Better still to turn them out in the open air and let them run; that would be another blessing. Don't keep the girls sitting too long at that period, don't let the grammar girls sit for three hours at a time; that is a bad thing. Don't let them sit with wet feet or skirts. That is just about as good as getting smallpox. Teach them some of the sense which you ought to have if you haven't.

I haven't said a word for the boy, for one good reason, and that is that you can't kill him if you try, thank the Lord. You can't kill him if you try, not because he is so very tough,—boys are not so tough as girls, physically,—but you can't kill him, because he won't let you. And yet, while I haven't said a word for the boy, ought we not to regard him a little? Now and then there is the ambitious boy, and then again there is your studious boy; there is your bookish boy, who likes books too much. There is your shy boy who does not get into the games. He is the boy you want to watch all the time. There is the boy who has become delicate and finicky, because he has been doddled at home, and here you haven't got so many of them here as we have in the East, but he is here and you have got to watch him, because his parents are doing everything in the world to spoil him and you have got to stand on the Lord's side of him if you can, for these boys need your help. And if the girl and the boy are pretty strong and can stand a great deal, by a little excess of mercy, a little bit more physical vigor gained by this regime of open air exercise and exercise between the school periods, simply will be erring on the safe side and doing good to that girl, because during these years of metamorphosis depend the life and the happiness of the girl and the boy.

I want to tell you Nature has her examinations just as well as schools do. Does she not examine the baby and see that baby can't go on? and that baby does not go on; and then the death rate sinks; at 11 and 12 it is very low, very low, indeed, only perhaps two or three in a thousand, in many countries. Nature is giving them a chance to see whether they will get ready for the second examination. Right after or during puberty the death rate raises, and at 18, 19, and 20, it has gone up. That is Nature's second examination, to see whether that boy or girl is fit to send

out into the world to take part in the great drama of life, and if she is conditioned at this time, then it means invalidism for two, three, four, five years, and if she is badly conditioned, then it may mean death. And when you are preparing those girls for the examination, do not forget your own examination, because it is coming on very fast.

I have talked very plainly this morning and I hope you will forgive me. You may say, "We don't need that talk now." I hope you don't. You will need it in a generation or two; I don't care how strong that pioneer blood was which has come down to your first generation here, we had just as good in Massachusetts a hundred or one hundred and fifty years ago, but we are weeding it out just as fast as we can, the Lord forgive us, and you will do that here if you don't look out. If you have got strong, red blood, then hold on to it, because that is the grandest gift of God to man.

To Parents' Class Supervisors:

The Parents' Class committee of the General Board advise that you begin to study the lessons given in this issue of the JUVENILE during April, and continue these and the other lessons that will be given in the May and June numbers of the JUVENILE until they are completed. Parent and Child Vol. II may be laid aside for the time being, to be completed later. It will be well for the supervisors to begin this work as soon in April as possible. Let the Stake Supervisors so instruct and arrange. Further, let us urge that the JUVENILE hereafter will be necessary to every member of the class, as we have planned to present the work for the Parents' Class from month to month in our magazine. *The Juvenile in every home* is our motto hereafter.

GENERAL SUBJECT—CONSERVATION OF THE CHILD.

Reference—Lecture by Dr. Tyler, this issue of JUVENILE.

LESSON I. THE BODY AS AN INSTRUMENT OF THE SOUL.

1. What are the teachings of the Latter-day Saints regarding the relation of the body to the soul?

2. In light of these teachings, what is demanded of every Latter-day Saint as to the treatment of his body? How are we living up to these teachings?

3. What are the four essential things we must do to keep the body engine, described by Dr. Tyler, in perfect condition?

4. What would you think of an engineer who fed his engine dirt with his coal, or let his draughts and flues clog with soot, or failed to remove the clinkers, or let his engine get dusty and rusty? In what similar ways are people neglecting their bodies?

5. What was the Savior's constant command to the sick?

6. Discuss this as a health maxim: Clean food, clean air, clean water, clean thoughts, and clean consciences.

7. Give one practical suggestion as to training children to take proper care of their God-given bodies—of keeping them clean, both inside and out.

LESSON II. THE FOUNDATION OF HEALTH.

1. Discuss Dr. Tyler's remark: "The stomach is the foundation of all greatness."

2. Name three home habits which, in your opinion, are doing most to ruin the stomachs, especially of children.

3. Discuss the "piecing habit"—the "sweet meat craze"—irregularity of meals and the "hurrying habit" as applied to disorders of the stomach.

4. Some one said recently that people are paying more today to cure their stomachs from ills brought on by bad habits in eating than they are to build churches, schools and all other public improvements put together. Discuss the assertion.

5. How can parents save money now being wasted on stomach troubles, and at the same time lay the foundation for good health in their children and themselves? Give at least one way.

LESSON III. "NERVE LEAKS."

1. What are two good evidences of a perfectly healthy nervous system?

2. Physicians tell us that nerve diseases are increasing at an alarming rate in our country. What is the greatest cause for this increase?

3. What home habits have you noticed that lead to nervousness? Discuss here the effects of scolding, hurrying, talking, noise, lack of system as "nerve leaks."

4. What practical suggestion would you offer to parents to help them to bring control and calm and harmony into their daily lives—to make their homes more places of rest and peace?

5. What ways can we take to conserve and strengthen the nerves of our children? Through what habits of life are we helping to wreck their nerves?

LESSON IV. CHILD GROWTH.

1. Discuss the varying stages of child growth—their rapidity—the critical periods, etc.

2. *Growth means waste.* By what means does the body get rid of the waste that comes with growth and change.

3. What are some of the ill effects of keeping this waste in the system? Give your experiences and observations with children.

4. When is the child's blood likely to be most loaded with the waste caused by growth? How can we best help the boy or girl to clear the system of this waste? What mistakes are we making in this vital matter?

5. What practical suggestions would you give to our parents, teachers, and communities to help them safe guard their children during dangerous periods, and keep their pioneer blood clean and pure?

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion.

Jesus the Christ.

Lessons 13 and 14. The Sermon on the Mount.

The remarkable address known as the Sermon on the Mount is better treated as a whole than divided into two or more distinct parts, for purposes of review. Nevertheless it will not be possible to dispose of the subject in one class session. It is suggested that the two lessons may well be divided at the close of the study of the Beatitudes. To avoid any arbitrary line of division, however, this commentary on the lesson will be made continuous.

The occasion or the time of the delivery of this remarkable sermon is significant and important. The Sermon on the Mount was probably delivered near the time of the ordination of the Twelve. Undoubtedly, the sermon is primarily directed to the chosen Twelve, but also in a general way to the people. A mistake is often made by people who attempt to apply all the precepts contained in the Sermon on the Mount to people in the ordinary walks of life. As a matter of fact it was principally a code of instructions directed to the apostles who were called to give up the usual pursuits of life and devote their entire time to the work of the ministry. It is probable that the sermon was delivered on a hill near the Sea of Galilee; traditionally, this is believed to be the twin-peaked hill known as the Horns of Hattin, and more recently designated as the Mount of Beatitudes. As to place and other incidents compare Matt. 5:1,2 and Luke 6:17-19; for the entire sermon as recorded, see Matt. 5, 6, 7, and compare Luke 6:20-49. See also the sermon repeated on the occasion of Christ's

visit to the Nephites after His resurrection (III Nephi chaps. 12, 13, 14); compare the Biblical and the Book of Mormon versions verse by verse.

A detailed analysis of the sermon will scarcely be possible in two Sunday School lesson periods; nevertheless the more important features may be brought out. Study carefully the Beatitudes. The word "beatitude" means blessedness or felicity; in other words a condition of happiness. In the first part of the sermon our Lord declares the conditions of true happiness. In this connection consider the distinction between happiness and pleasure. Pleasure may be a matter of temporary and fleeting gratification; happiness is lasting. Pleasure may be followed by remorse; the recollection of happiness is of itself a cause of further happiness. Impress the lesson that pleasure is oftentimes made to appear as happiness, and that sorrow and remorse may be the results of accepting the one for the other. Great blessings may not be associated with present pleasure nor with worldly prosperity. The Beatitudes imply present worthiness and future results thereof.

Some writers classify the Beatitudes as ten, and profess to find a counterpart between them and the ten commandments. Avoid any such strained comparison. Between the Decalogue and the Beatitudes there is rather contrast than similarity. Consider the conditions attending the giving of the law on Sinai amidst thunders, and lightnings, and fire, and the graving of the law in the tablets of stone—with the peaceful quiet of our Lord's teachings on Hattin—love, peace, blessing, happiness. Blessings bring happiness, and happiness is itself a blessing. Present pleasure may be denied those who are truly blest; sacrifice may be

required of them; suffering may be their portion; they may be in pain, both pain of body and of mind, yet do they rejoice.

The principles set forth in the Beatitudes must have appeared strange to those who knew only the law of the past. Nevertheless Jesus declared that He had not come to destroy the law but to fulfill. His teachings destroyed the teachings of the past only as the flowering plant destroys the seed from which it sprang, or as advancing manhood destroys the immaturity of youth.

Of the law that had been written not a jot or a tittle was to fail. Note that "jot," here referred to, or as it appears in the original, "yod," is a literary mark corresponding to the dot of an "i." Our English word "iota" has the same meaning. In the same way "tittle" had reference to a trifle; it meant a mark like a hook attached to certain letters, by the addition or removal of which the accent of the letter was changed.

One of the most important lessons to be derived from the study of the Sermon on the Mount is that the law was superseded, not destroyed. The gospel taught by Christ was and is superior to the law taught by Moses.

The sermon presents a strong contrast between the lower and the higher law (Read Matt. 5:21-48). It is made plain that sin should be checked in its incipency; the spirit of enmity and hatred may develop into that of murder. Forgiveness of sin is not to be bought with a gift; compare the rejection of Cain's offering (Gen. 4:1-7).

A fairly complete analysis of the Sermon on the Mount is presented in the outline, and a conscientious study thereof is recommended to both students and teachers. Consider well the summary of the entire sermon presented by the divine Preacher, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets" (Matt. 7:12).

Lesson 15. "As One Having Authority."

The Sermon on the Mount studied in our last two lessons closes with a strong contrast between hearing only and doing. This is made clear by the significant illustration in the nature of a parable, though the instance is not usually classed among the specific parables of our Lord. The man who hears the word alone and doeth it not is likened unto a foolish man who built his house upon the sand; while the earnest doer of the word is likened unto a wise man who built his house upon a rock. This striking illustration and the personal application which each of those who heard the sermon would naturally apply to himself, caused even more astonishment than had the precepts of the sermon proper. There was something in the teachings of Jesus which distinguished them from the learned discourses of the scribes and rabbis. We read that the people were astonished at His doctrine, "for He taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes." (See Matt. 7:21-29, and other references given in outline.) In place of labored citation of earlier scriptures, Jesus spoke with authority inherent in Himself. The authoritative, "I say unto you," took the place of citation.

Not only did He speak with authority in preaching and teaching, but He proceeded straightway to manifest His authority by works. In this connection we have to consider a number of miracles performed by Him. When Jesus came down from the Mount of Beatitudes, a man who was afflicted with the dreadful disease of leprosy came to Him and said: "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Observe the authoritative response: "I will; be thou clean" (Matt. 8:1-4).

At Capernaum an officer of the army came to Him beseeching Him in behalf of his servant. It is known that at that time there was a small Roman garrison at Capernaum. The centurion, or captain of a hundred men, was evidently a Gentile, and one

who was therefore regarded by the Jews as a heathen, yet he came to Jesus with faith. The question in the centurion's mind was not as to whether Jesus could heal his servant, but as to whether Jesus would heal him. Jesus used the incident to make plain the fact that many of the Jews, who regarded themselves as a chosen people, to whom our Lord refers as "children of the kingdom," will be rejected for their sins; while others who are not of Israel, aliens to the kingdom, will be exalted if they are worthy.

The same chapter (Matt. 8) contains other instances of authoritative healing. Soon after the events last referred to, Jesus performed the miracle of raising a man from the dead (Study Luke 7:11-17). The son of a widow was being borne to the grave. Jesus stopped the funeral cortege and raised the dead man to life. Note again the inherent authority manifested in our Lord's words: "Young man, I say unto thee arise." Compare the other instances cited in the outline, notably that of the raising of the daughter of Jairus (Luke 8:40-56). Again the miracle was made manifest by words spoken as of His own authority: "Maid, arise" (Luke 8:54); or "Damsel, I say unto thee arise" (Mark 5:41).

The teacher should carefully impress the lesson that these instances of raising from the dead are not instances of resurrection to an immortal condition. Jesus Christ was the first of all men to come forth from the grave immortalized—"the first fruits of them that slept." (See I Cor. 15: 20, 23; Acts 26:23; Col. 1:18; Rev. 1:5). The teacher will do well to read "The Articles of Faith," lecture 21: 15-39. All cases of persons being raised from the dead prior to the resurrection of Jesus were instances of restoration to mortal life. In the other instance cited in the outline, viz., the raising of Lazarus, the same consciousness of authority vested in Himself is

manifested by Jesus. Speaking by virtue of His own power, Jesus commanded: "Lazarus, come forth;" and the man who had been dead came forth from the cave in which he had been interred.

Use these instances to demonstrate that Jesus had power over life and death, and was in very truth the Son of the Living God.

J. E. T.

Church History.

LESSONS FOR MAY.

Lesson 13.—The matter here is almost wholly narrative. The only exception is the point touching the apostasy of Oliver Cowdery and David Whitmer. If the effect of their defection on their testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon has not been heretofore treated in such fulness as the teacher thinks should be given this point, it may be discussed here. Otherwise the narrative should be given in such detail as the time may permit.

Another point that is important is the tacit understanding with the people of Clay county that the "Mormons" would stay only till they could regain their homes in Jackson county. This was honorably lived up to by the Saints, although it was tacit.

A third point is the fact that the Saints hung together during this period. It must have been a sore trial to faith, this expulsion from the Zion to which they had so ardently looked forward. There was some powerful spiritual force at work in their souls to uphold them through all their troubles.

As stated in a previous lesson, the pupils should read the text on the whole lesson, but no attempt should be made to cover it all in the recitation. Only such points should be discussed as may be gone into with more or less detail; then at least *one* thing will remain with the class. It is better to have a clear idea of one thing

than a vague, ill-defined idea of three or four.

Lesson 14.—This lesson is reasonably short and may be gone over essentially as it is given in the text. The element of loyalty to friends and the Church, however, is very prominent here, and may occupy most of the time, or even all the time. Loyalty is a trait of character that is noble and that needs cultivating nowadays.

Lesson 15.—The first foreign mission is one of the most interesting

chapters in the history of the Church. But it becomes interesting only when gone into in detail. A good way, therefore, to present this lesson is to have three or four pupils assigned the narrative from Whitney's "Life of Heber C. Kimball," and have each give parts of it in class with such details as there may be time for. Here is a good opportunity for the younger members of the class to take part, the work being narrative mainly, and highly concrete and interesting.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds.

Bible Lessons for April.

[Prepared by C. Ray Bradford.]

One of the greatest services the teacher can perform for Second Intermediate boys and girls is to cause to unfold within them a love for the Bible and a strong desire to read it intelligently. Before they can become sufficiently interested to read, they must discover that in addition to the Bible's containing priceless religious doctrine it is replete with the most interesting of stories. I am referring now to the children who are least interested in Sunday School work. Of course there are some children who are naturally conscientious in their Sunday School work. It is not necessary to be concerned over this class. They'll get along all right if left alone. It is the least interested *third* that the teacher needs to focus her energy upon.

The teachers who leave the assignment of the next Sunday's lesson to the close of the class and then, as the pupils are marching out tell them to read five or six chapters, are not only not securing conscientious effort from the pupils, but are shirking the great responsibility which rests upon them. The amount of work the pupils do at home is very largely determined by the manner in which the lessons are

assigned, and the amount of work they are asked to prepare. It is safest to make the assignment immediately after taking the roll. Spend five or ten minutes if necessary. Have the children turn to their Bibles and size up the lesson. Let them read certain very interesting sections which have been previously selected. Give them four or five pertinent questions to keep in mind while doing their home reading.

The Sunday School outlines are to be considered as suggestive only. When from four to seven chapters are given as the text, it is not intended that the children be asked to read all of them. The teacher is expected to select portions of most moment to the class and to ask the pupils to prepare only such portions.

Some teachers who have found it impossible to secure general preparation of all the text have divided it up into a number of sections, and allotted these to individual members of the class. This is not a bad plan but it is not entirely satisfactory inasmuch as it does not enlist the services of all.

The following method is recommended:

First. Select a portion of the text, not to exceed fifteen to twenty verses, of most vital importance. Ask every member to prepare it.

Second. To supplement this, as-

sign the remaining portions to individuals and ask them to make the special in addition to the general preparation.

Some teachers have succeeded in having all the pupils procure Bibles of their own. Pupils who own their books can feel free to underscore particular passages which will increase the usefulness of the book in later years.

Other teachers have succeeded in having a large majority of the children provide themselves with note books in which are recorded the most important points of the lessons.

The preceding method will be followed in the consideration of the following lessons.

Lesson 10. Abraham, the Friend of God.

Text—Gen. 20-25, (6 chapters).

General Assignment—Gen. 22:1-19, only.

Individual Assignments—Remainder of the text.

Aim—Love and fidelity.

Lesson Statement—God, in order to test Abraham's faith, commanded him to sacrifice Isaac as a burnt offering. Abraham acquiesced. After making arrangements for the sacrifice he stretched forth his hand to slay his son, when an angel of the Lord called to him out of heaven and said, "Lay not thy hand upon thy son, neither do thou anything unto him: for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine *only* son from me."

Lesson Setting—Time, 1871 B. C. Place—A Mountain in Canaan (Moriah.)

Assignment Questions:

1. Why did God command Abraham to sacrifice Isaac?
2. Did Abraham obey the Lord?
3. Why do you think the Lord spared Isaac's life?
4. Can you picture Abraham's appearance on his way to the place of sacrifice?

5. What great promise did God make to Abraham in return for his faithfulness?

Points to Emphasize:

1. The greatness of the commanded sacrifice.
2. Abraham's implicit obedience.
3. The greatness of the reward for Abraham's faithfulness.
4. Had Abraham been only the head of an Arab tribe, his name must have perished long ages ago, like that of other men locally great in their day. That it is venerated still by Jew, Mohammedan and Christian alike, is due to his having given the true religion to mankind, and thus being identified with it. Emphasize this feature of the career of Abraham very strongly.

Gen. 22:7 and 8 exemplifies the pathos of the sacrifice.

Memory work—Gen. 22:16-18.

By careful preparation this lesson can be so effectively taught that the pupils will shed righteous tears of devotion. How intense must have been the sorrow of Abraham on that mournful journey to the mountains where he was to sacrifice the one great object of his affection! How full of pathos is the following scene:

"And Isaac spake unto Abraham his father, and said, 'My father.' And he said, 'Here am I, my son!' And he said, 'Behold the fire and the wood; but where is the lamb for the burnt offering?'

"And Abraham said, 'My son, God will provide himself a LAMB for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together.'

The supreme love of Abraham for his son is shown in his concealing from him his approaching fate until the crucial moment.

Lesson 11. Isaac.

Text—Gen. 24-27 (four chapters).

General Assignment—Gen. 24:1-20. Hold each member of the class responsible for this, only. But you no doubt will find that on account of the

exceedingly interesting nature of the chapter they will read all of it.

Individual Assignments—Remainder of text.

Aim—Trust in God brings happiness and success.

Lesson Statement:

Abraham's desire was that Isaac secure a wife from among his own people. He sent the eldest servant of his house to Mesopotamia to secure her. At eventide, when women went to draw water, he and his companions arrived at the public well. He prayed that the Lord make known to him the maiden whom He desired to become Isaac's wife, by having her be the one who would offer him a drink from her pitcher and draw water for his camels. No sooner had he prayed than Rebekah came to draw water, and fulfilled the requests of the prayer.

Eliezer went to her home, made known his master's desire, and the Lord's response to his prayer. Rebekah consented, went back to Canaan and became Isaac's wife.

Lesson Setting:

Time—1856 B. C.

Place—Canaan and Mesopotamia.

Guiding Questions:

1. Where was Isaac's home?
2. Where did Abraham send for Isaac's wife? How far away was it? How did they travel in those days?
3. How did Eliezer desire the Lord to point out to him the damsel whom he should seek for Isaac's wife?
4. What relation was Rebekah to Isaac?
5. Can you picture in your mind the evening scene at the well when Rebekah came to draw water?
6. What is your opinion of Rebekah?

Important Points to Emphasize:

1. There are three beautiful pictures painted in this chapter; first, the scene at the well at eventide when Rebecca came to draw water; second, the family parting, when Rebekah left on

her long journey to Canaan; third, the scene in the evening, when Isaac strolled out into the field to meditate and "lifted up his eyes and saw, and behold, the camels were coming," bringing from afar Rebekah.

These are beautiful pictures and beautifully told in the Bible. The language cannot be improved. Have them read in class by the pupils. They should be read and re-read. By the emphasis of just such stories as are contained in these lessons the children can be taught to love the Bible and to greatly rejoice in the reading of it.

The stories are so well and so simply told that they need no moralizing. The teachers who will succeed in securing the ability of the pupils to tell them as nearly as possible as they are told in the Bible will accomplish results deserving of everlasting praise.

2. The incidents of the lesson are so teeming with the spirit of peace, and rest, and brotherly love that they are the paragon of sermons.

Lesson 12. Jacob.

Text—Gen. 28-35.

General Assignment—Gen. 29:1-20.

Individual Assignments—Remainder of text.

Aim—Love should ever exist between kindred.

Theme:

Jacob approached Padan-aram and beheld a public well surrounded by three flocks, waiting to be watered. Rachel approached with the flocks of her father. Thereupon, Jacob courteously rolled the stone from the well, watered them for her, made himself known to her, lifted her up and kissed her. She ran to her father and broke the news to him. Laban rejoiced at the tidings, rushed out to meet Jacob, embraced and kissed him, and welcomed him to his home.

Jacob loved Rachel and entered into an agreement with Laban to work seven years to secure her for his wife.

Lesson Setting:

Time—1760 B. C.

Place—Mesopotamia.

Questions to assign to aid in the preparation:

1. Where did the shepherds water their sheep?

2. Can you picture the three flocks at the well and Rachel approaching with hers?

3. What did Jacob do for Rachel when she arrived at the well.

4. What arrangement did Jacob make with Rachel's father in order to secure her for his wife?

5. Were his long years of labor a burden to him?

Points to emphasize:

1. Loyal feeling of kinship existing between the families of Isaac and Laban.

2. Primitive method of watering flocks.

3. Jacob's vision while on his journey.

4. The meeting of Jacob and Esau on Jacob's return to Canaan.

5. Jacob's vow in regard to tithing. Gen. 28:22.

Memory work—Gen. 28:14.

"And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." God's Promise to Jacob.

NOTES.

Phīlīs'tīnēs	Elīēzēr
Sā'rāi	Hāi
Pā'dan-ā'ram	Sīchem

Bethel is twelve miles from Jerusalem, on the right hand of the road to Sīchem; and here its ruins still lie. Many travelers have remarked on the stony nature of the soil at Bethel, as perfectly in keeping with the narrative of Jacob's slumber there. When on the spot little doubt can be felt as to the localities of this interesting place. The round mount, south-east of Bethel, must be the

"mountain" on which Abram built the altar, and on which he and Lot stood when they made their division of the land. It is still thickly strewn to its top with stones formed by nature for the building of "altar" of sanctuary.

Padan-aram was the plains of Mesopotamia, which are drained by the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

Ur was a city of Mesopotamia, as also was Haran.

The distance between Mesopotamia and Palestine is about six hundred miles in a direct line; but as Abraham, and Eliezer and Jacob traveled, it was much farther—as far as San Francisco or Denver from Salt Lake City. Imagine traveling this distance by camel.

From Jerusalem to Cairo, in a direct line, it is about four hundred miles.

When we understand the distances Abraham traveled in his wanderings; that Eliezer traveled to secure a wife for Isaac; and Jacob traveled to secure a wife for himself, the journeys take on a new significance.

Beer-sheba:—An ancient town in the extreme southern border of Palestine, of which only the ruins are now visible. It took its name from one of two wells existing near the sight. There is the remains of a well near there today which is 12 feet across, and 45 feet deep, lined for 28 feet from the surface with masonry. Another well close by is 5 feet across and 40 feet deep. The top is now worn into deep ruts by the ropes used for hundreds of years, for drawing the clear and delicious water, for camels, herds, and flocks, as well as for the use of man. Round the well stand stone troughs of great age, to assist in the supply of the thirsty cattle. There is no protection round them, as there is none around the deep wells at Bethlehem, so that they are dangerous to one unacquainted with the ground.

The country round Beer-sheba is an undulating plain, cut up by water courses, dry except after storms, but the whole landscape is gay with grass and flowers, in spring, though bare and scorched in summer. Thousands of goats, cattle, and camels, pasture around in the spring, belonging to Arab encampments; for the peasants own nothing. Patches of soil are scratched with a light plough, and sown with grain or other crops every third year; lying fallow for the other two.

Canaan—A narrow strip of country on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean Sea, now known as Palestine.

Both Palestine and Egypt appear, in

the earliest glimpses we have of them, as lands already occupied by a settled population, with towns and governments. An Egyptian speaks even before Abraham's day, of its cornfields, figs, vineyards, and fortresses. An Egyptian of a later date, but still earlier than the patriarch speaks of it as "abounding in wine more than in water," of the plentifulness of its honey, and of its plains; adding that all its trees were fruitbearing, and that it yielded barley and wheat, and had no need of cattle. As to olives, they were so plentiful that one district had an olive tree for its hieroglyphic sign.

Earthquakes of great violence were not unknown; for the cities of the plains perished by one. Violent floods not unfrequently wasted its valleys. Terrible storms and burning winds from the desert swept over it at times; seasons of drought brought after them famine; and visitations of grasshoppers and other insect plagues were only too frequent. Swift death came with the plague, and hateful diseases like leprosy clung to numbers through life, while property and even existence were constantly exposed to the sudden inroads of enemies; for Palestine was at all times coveted by the nations round it. In the land of God such judgments might well rouse His people to watchfulness, and, indeed, often won them back to a higher life, when urged by the voice of their prophets.

Israel:—When Jacob was journeying from Padan-aram to Canaan, the Lord appeared to him and blessed him, saying: "Thy name is Jacob; thy name shall not be called any more Jacob, but Israel shall be thy name; and he called his name Israel."

It was customary in eastern countries for wives to be purchased, the most beautiful of a man's daughters being disposed of in that way, and the money re-

ceived from them being given with the less attractive ones as dowries. Instead of paying money for Rachel, Jacob served seven years for her.

Wells are still spots where the youth and girls of Bedouin life congregate, and at wells alone is Oriental courtship carried on to this very day. The Syrian girl is frequently entrusted with the care of her father's flock. The well, the most precious of possessions, is carefully closed with a heavy slab until all those whose flocks are entitled to share its water have gathered. The time is noon. The first comers gather and report the gossip of the tribe. The story of Jacob and Rachel is in its most minutest details, a transcript of the Arab life of today.

You may see today, young girls, still children, tending the flocks, as Leah and Rachel did; their hair flying wud in the wind; a simple blue sack their only dress; their brown faces lighted up by great eyes, often very beautiful. They can only come out thus while still too young to be shut up in the woman's part of the tent. As soon as they are thus admitted to budding womanhood, which is very early, it would not be becoming for them to appear without their mothers in their journeys to and from the well.

"The failings of the Patriarchs are human, and the fact that they are not passed over in their history makes even the story of these shepherds of priceless worth. The timid Isaac, the crafty Jacob, stand forth as they really were, but they also show that the craft of the latter was of little service to him, and in his old age, he shows a chastened and tried character which makes him a Ulysses among those Shepherd Fathers. 'Thou shalt be no longer Jacob,' says He, 'but a hero of God, Israel.'"

There is considerable material pertaining to these lessons in the Primary division of the March JUVENILE.

*Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands make mountains; minutes make the year;
Trifles are life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you learn to live.*

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; W'm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

ALMA CONTINUES THE WORK OF ABINADI.

Just prior to the burning of Abinadi, one of King Noah's priests, whose name was Alma, showed that there was still some good left in his heart by speaking in behalf of the persecuted prophet.

This, however, displeased Noah and he expelled Alma from his court. After Abinadi's death, Alma took up his mission, sincerely repented his own past life, and went among the people instructing them in the ways of the Lord. Soon the news of Alma's efforts reached the king's ears, but when the latter tried to find the missionary he failed, for Alma had fled to the "Waters of Mormon," near which was a thicket inhabited by wild beasts. Here Alma established his headquarters, going into the city by night to preach secretly to those who would listen to him. Daily he added to his little flock new converts until the number reached four hundred and fifty. Alma's hiding place being unmolested, he organized the Church by divine authority and baptized his followers in the "Waters of Mormon." He appointed one priest over fifty of the people, Alma presiding over all. They lived in the "United Order." There were no rich nor poor among them; that is, those who had gave to those who had not.

It was not long before King Noah heard of the success of his former priest, which, for his own safety, he determined to stop. He sent an army to capture Alma. The Lord, however, warned Alma to flee with his people. From here they went to a beautiful little valley, where they built a city which they called "Helam," in honor of Alma's chief aid. The army of King Noah could only return and make the report that Alma and his people were not at the "Waters of Mormon."

Leaving this little colony of Alma's in peace and comfort, we shall now return to the city of Lehi-Nephi. Fifty years or more have passed away since Zeniff left Zarahemla, and more than 450 years since Lehi left Jerusalem.

KING NOAH AND HIS WICKED PRIESTS.

You will remember that King Noah refused to retain the priests whom his father had appointed. After the appointment of the young and wayward ones of his own selection, occurred the many wicked deeds already mentioned. Prophecies were uttered, the prophets were burned and driven out, and on the return of the army of Noah from the "Waters of Mormon," where they had been to destroy Alma, conditions were very unsettled in the city of Lehi-Nephi. Gideon had dared to upbraid the king for his wickedness. The two, in fact, came to the actual conflict of arms. As the king was weakened by his profligate living, he was forced to flee, but Gideon pursued him, even into the high tower which had been erected to overlook the Lamanitish lands in times of war.

Luckily for the king, he discovered the Lamanites coming to battle. His supplications to Gideon in behalf of their fair daughters softened Gideon's heart and he spared the king's life. The two united their strength to save their people. It was soon decided to leave the city. As they made a hasty retreat, the Lamanite warriors overtook them. Noah issued a call to the able-bodied ones to leave with him, leaving the women and children and those "fair daughters" to their fate. Gideon and Limhi, a son of King Noah, were two of the noble men who refused to follow the king. They sent the young women to plead with the Lamanites for the lives of the Nephites. These pleadings were successful.

The Nephites were permitted to re-occupy the city by paying one-half of their income to the Lamanites and by promising that they would help to deliver up King Noah. The Lamanites in turn took oath that they would not kill the Nephites. Limhi, the son of Noah, was made king, and Gideon started out to find King Noah that he might deliver him up. On his way out he met all the men who had fled with the wretched king, and were now swearing vengeance on the Lamanites who they thought had put to the sword their helpless relatives. Gideon here learned that Noah had been tied to a tree and burned by his followers, and that his priests had escaped into the wilderness. They all returned satisfied, to the city of Lehi-Nephi.

LIMHI IN BONDAGE.

The people of Limhi began again under these trying conditions to recruit their fortunes. The tax which King Noah had levied on them was only one-fifth of their property, which, of course, was a great burden. But now the people had bound themselves to pay one-half of their income. In order that they should not escape from this burden, the king of the Lamanites sent his guards to dwell around the Nephite cities. Both parties had kept the conditions of the treaty up to this time; hence it was a great surprise to Limhi to learn one day that the

Lamanites were coming upon his people. Limhi put his men in ambush, and although not nearly so numerous as the Lamanites, they fell upon them in such a surprising way as to kill many of them, gaining a complete victory. They found the wounded king of the Lamanites lying among his dead subjects, and they carried him before Limhi. On being asked why he had broken his oath, he replied that some of Limhi's men had stolen twenty-four Lamanite girls who had been out in the woods dancing. Limhi promised the wounded king that he would search his people, and whoever had done this should be put to death. Investigation showed that the priests of King Noah, who, you will remember, had made their escape into the wilderness, had stolen the girls and had made them their wives. This explanation satisfied all parties.

Nevertheless, the Lamanites became more exacting and oppressive. The guards placed burdens on the backs of the Nephites and drove them as they would drive beasts, thus fulfilling the prophecy uttered by Abinadi. The Nephites prayed to the Lord to redress their wrongs, but the Lord was slow to hear their prayers, for they were in bondage as a result of their own wickedness. With these Nephites it was the same as it ever has been with every people, poverty and trials brought them to the depths of humility and repentance.

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton.

Lesson 10. Jacob's Dream.

Review.—1. What were the names of the two sons of Isaac and Rebekah? 2. Which of them was born first? 3. What was Esau entitled to because he was the first-born? 4. Did he appreciate his birthright? 5. Give evidence that he did not. 6. What does this lesson teach us?

One day Isaac took his son Jacob out for a walk. They sat down in the shade of a tree. Then the father said, "My son, I want to speak to you about a very important matter. You are now old enough to marry. I want you to get a good wife, a woman who believes in God and who keeps His commandments. I know where you can get such a wife." Jacob told his father

he would do just as he desired him to do. That made Isaac feel very happy.

He then told Jacob that he wanted him to go to the place where his mother's brother lived, and that there he would find a good, faithful wife.

A few days later the young man set out for the home of his uncle. I do not know how far it was, but it was quite a long distance. Jacob traveled all day. When evening came he was still on the desert. He was tired, so he decided to camp for the night. He washed the dust from his face and hands. Then he knelt down and offered up his evening prayer to God.

When he had finished his supper, he selected for himself a place to sleep. His bed was the hard ground, and a large rock was his pillow. But, notwithstanding those things, that was the most blessed night in all of Jacob's life. Listen while I tell you what happened! During the night, God gave to Jacob a glorious dream. The young man saw, in his dream, a ladder reaching from heaven to earth. On the ladder he saw angels. Some of them were going up to heaven and others were coming down.

As Jacob looked up to the top of the ladder, to his great delight he saw God. The Lord spoke to Jacob. He told him He was the God of his fathers, Abraham and Isaac, and that He would give to him all the land in that place. He told Jacob He would bless him with many children, and that they would spread abroad to the east and the west, the north and the south. The Lord also promised Jacob that He would be with him wherever he went, and that He would bring him again to that land.

When Jacob awoke he felt so happy that he shed tears of joy. Kneeling down upon the ground, he prayed with all his heart and soul unto God, thanking Him for the glorious dream He had given him, and for the precious promises He had made to him.

Then Jacob took the rock he had used for a pillow and made an altar

of it. He poured oil upon the rock, and there he made a covenant with the Lord that if He would take care of him and bless him, of all that the Lord would give him, he would return to Him one-tenth.

That is the law of tithing all faithful Latter-day Saints observe today.

Lesson 11. Joseph Sold into Egypt.

Review.—1. Whom was our lesson about last Sunday? 2. What did Isaac wish Jacob to do? 3. Where did Jacob go to get his wife? 4. Where did he stay the first night? 5. What took place that night? 6. What promise did the Lord make to Jacob? 7. What covenant did Jacob make with the Lord?

Jacob continued his journey and finally arrived at the home of his uncle. His uncle's name was Laban. Laban had two beautiful daughters. Their names were Leah and Rachel. Jacob fell in love with Rachel as soon as he saw her. Laban told Jacob if he would tend his cattle seven years he would give him Rachel for his wife.

Jacob took care of Laban's cattle fourteen years. For doing so Laban gave him both Leah and Rachel to be his wives. Some years later Jacob took two other wives.

Jacob was a good man, and the Lord loved him, and blessed him greatly. He gave him a number of children. Jacob was the father of twelve sons. I am going to tell you this morning about one of them. He was the son of Rachel, and his name was Joseph.

Joseph was the best of all his father's sons. Jacob loved him dearly. One day Joseph's father made him a present of a pretty little coat. It was not like the coats boys wear these days. Instead of being of one color it had many colors in it.

When Joseph's brothers saw him dressed in his pretty coat they became jealous of him. They were cross with him and treated him unkindly.

One night as Joseph lay upon his bed the Lord gave him a wonderful dream. He dreamed that he and his brothers were working in a field. They were binding sheaves of wheat. There were no reapers and binders in those days. In his dream Joseph saw his sheaf stand up straight. Then the sheaves which his brothers had bound bowed down before his sheaf.

Joseph told his dream to his brothers. It made them very angry. They said to him in a scornful voice, "So you think you will some day preside over us?" Joseph did not answer them.

Soon after that, Joseph had another dream. He dreamed that the sun, moon and eleven stars bowed down before him. The next morning he told his dream to his fathers and brothers. Jacob was astonished when he heard it. He said to Joseph, "Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?" None of them knew at that time what the dreams meant. But they learned later.

One day Jacob sent Joseph to see how his brothers were getting on.

They were out on the desert tending their sheep. When they saw Joseph they said, in a mocking tone, "Behold, the dreamer cometh!" Then they decided among themselves to kill Joseph. They were afraid his dreams would come true.

But the Lord was watching over Joseph, and He saved him from death. How did He do it? He put it into the heart of Reuben, one of Joseph's brothers, to plead with the rest of his brethren to spare Joseph's life. There was a deep pit near to where they were camped. "Let us not shed our brother's blood," said Reuben, "but put him in yonder pit."

They agreed to that. So they took Joseph's pretty coat off him and then they lowered him down into the pit. Had Joseph been left there he would have perished with hunger. But the Lord saved him. Soon after Joseph had been put in the pit a number of merchants, riding upon camels, chanced to pass that way. They were going down to Egypt. On seeing the merchants, Judah, another brother to Joseph, said, "Let us sell Joseph to these merchants." To that they all



THE SELLING OF JOSEPH.

agreed. Joseph was brought up out of the pit and sold to the merchants, and they took him to Egypt with them.

Then Joseph's brothers killed a young goat, and taking Joseph's pretty coat, they dipped it in the blood. When they returned home they showed the blood-stained coat to their father and told him they had found it.

Jacob burst into tears. "It is my son Joseph's coat!" he cried. "Some wild beast has devoured him."

But Joseph was not dead. He was safe in Egypt. The Lord had preserved his life, for He had a great work for Joseph to do.

Lesson 12. Joseph Becomes Governor of Egypt.

Review.—1. How many sons were born to Jacob? 2. Which of them did the father like best? 3. In what way did Jacob show his love for Joseph? 4. Tell of the two dreams which Joseph had. 5. What did Joseph's brothers decide to do with him? 6. What suggestion did Reuben make? 7. What recommendation was made by Judah? 8. To what country did the merchants take Joseph? 9. What story did Joseph's brothers tell their father? 10. What may we learn from this lesson?

When the merchants arrived in Egypt they sold Joseph to an officer of the king, named Potiphar. Joseph was a faithful servant, and after a while his master gave him charge of all that he had.

One day Potiphar's wife told a wicked falsehood about Joseph. It made her husband very angry. He believed what his wife told him was true. So he gave orders for Joseph to be cast into prison.

But the Lord knew that Joseph had not done wrong. He comforted Joseph by His Holy Spirit, and softened the heart of the keeper of the prison so that he treated Joseph kindly. After a time Joseph was given charge of the prison and all the prisoners.

Joseph was kind to the prisoners and they liked him very much.

There were two men in the prison who had been in the service of the king of Egypt. They were the king's chief butler and chief baker. One morning Joseph found them looking very sorrowful. He asked them why they looked so sad. They told him it was because of dreams which they had had. They could not find anyone who could interpret their dreams.

Joseph told them that interpretations of dreams came from the Lord. He asked them to tell him their dreams. They did so.

The chief butler told Joseph that in his dream he saw a vine with three bunches of grapes upon it. He had a cup in his hand. He pressed the juice of the grapes into the cup and gave it to the king.

The Lord gave Joseph the interpretation of the dream. He told the butler that in three days he would be taken out of prison and made again chief butler to the king.

Then the chief baker related his dream, and Joseph gave him the true interpretation of it.

At the end of three days the butler was released from prison and taken back into the king's service.

Some time after that, the king had two dreams. In his first dream he saw seven fat cattle come up out of a river and begin to feed in a meadow. Then he saw seven lean cattle come and kill and eat the fat ones. In his second dream he saw seven good, full ears of corn come up on one stalk. Then there sprung up seven poor, thin ears, and the thin ears ate up the seven good, full ears.

The king called to him all his wise men, but none of them could interpret the dreams. Then the chief butler remembered Joseph. He told the king about him, and the king gave orders for Joseph to be brought to him.

The king told Joseph the dreams which he had had, and the Lord gave

Joseph the interpretation of them. He told the king that the seven fat cattle and the seven full ears of corn represented seven years of plenty, and the seven lean cattle and the seven thin ears of corn represented seven years of famine.

Joseph advised the king to appoint a wise man as governor over the land of Egypt, and to give him authority to appoint officers to buy up all the wheat they could get during the seven years of plenty, that the people might

have bread during the seven years of famine.

The king was pleased with Joseph's interpretation of his dreams and with the suggestion he had made. To the surprise of all the people, the king appointed Joseph governor over all the land of Egypt. There was no one in the land so great as Joseph except the king himself.

Thus the Lord blesses and honors those who love Him and keep His commandments.

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, Chairman.

[The material for May has been prepared by Sister Edith Hunter of Pioneer Stake and Sister Helen Davis of Salt Lake Stake, and includes Nature Work with illustration; Songs suggestive for this season of the year; Rest Exercises, one for the circle and one for the groups; one lesson given in detail; and subjects suggested for the remaining Sundays.]

NATURE WORK FOR MAY.

Subject—The Birds.

Aim—We should protect the birds.

MEMORY GEM.

"Happy as a robin,
Gentle as a dove,
That is the sort of little child
Every one will love."

Note.—Talk about the birds in general and then make a careful study of some one bird, as suggested below for teacher. Choose a bird the children may see near their homes.

ROBIN.

1—Insect eating bird—long, sharp bill.

2—Food, 50 per cent animal and 50 per cent fruit, of which nine tenths is wild.

3—Size.

4—Color.

5—Song—

"Cheer up, cheer up,
Cheerily, cheerily."

6—General habits. Supply.

7—Nest.

8—Eggs.

Tell Robin story found in Kindergarten Plan Book or some other good bird story.

Show some good picture. Pictures of birds may be had from the Singer Machine office, Salt Lake City; George P. Brown and Co., Beverly, Mass.; Perry Picture Company, Boston and Malden, Massachusetts; and the Cosmos Picture Co., New York.

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH.

Spring came early one year in the town of Killingworth. The farmers listened to the sweet songs of the birds. They said, "The birds must die or we will have no crops in the fall. They will eat all of our grain and fruit." Then the old school-master stood up and said, "God made the birds, so they have a right to live." He told how their beautiful songs made all the world brighter; how they ate the worms and bugs, and so gave the crops a chance to grow. The farmers only laughed at him and said, "The birds must die."

The summer came and all the birds

were dead. Worms and insects were everywhere. They ate the crops, they ate the leaves, so when autumn came there were no crops to gather into the barns, no leaves for jolly Jack Frost to blow his breath upon and turn to red, to make the world look gay and beautiful. Then the farmers knew, when it was too late, that they had made a mistake; they said, "The birds may live."

The next spring a strange sight was seen in Killingworth: A wagon arched with great boughs of evergreen was driven through the streets, and on the boughs hung cages in which were birds of every kind. The birds were set free. They sang merry songs. They ate the insects and worms.

In the fall the farmers had large crops of fruit and grain. They all rejoiced and said, "The birds may always live in Killingworth."

SUGGESTIVE SONGS.

- 1—"Who Taught the Little Birds," Kindergarten Plan Book or JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, April, 1910.
- 2—"All the Birds Have Come Again," "In a Hedge," Songs for Little Children, Part I, by Eleanor Smith.
- 3—Songs of the Child World, by Riley and Gaynor, Part I, pages 32, 34, 46, 48, 52, 55. Part II, pages 10, (first verse page 73), 89.
- 4—"Brightly Shines the Sun" (music to be found in "Song Stories for the Kindergarten," by Mildred J. and Patty S. Hill, page 22).

"Brightly shines the sun on high,
Now the birds may northward fly,
Trees in dresses new are seen,
Shining leaves of dainty green.
Little flowers wake from sleep,
Spring has called and up they peep;
All the world is glad and gay,
For spring has brought the birds to stay."

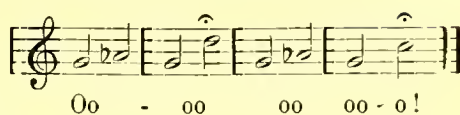
The Winds.

MAUD E. BURNHAM, SPRINGFIELD,
MASS.

One day the wind came from the North.

Sometimes he sang.

Sometimes he whistled,



He blew through the treetops
(Hold arms up straight.)
and sent the leaves down to the ground.

(Let fingers dance down to the lap.)

He shook the flowers and scattered their seeds over the earth. He watched Jack Frost cover the streams and ponds with a thin white spread. He blew the snow clouds about the sky and down came the snowflakes and covered everything.

It was winter time.

One day the wind came from the East. *Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh-sh!** The rain clouds were blown here and there.

(Let hands float in the air.)

The raindrops tumbled down to the ground.

(Let fingers dance down to the lap.)

and melted the ice and snow, and together they ran away

(Let fingers go behind the back.)

into the ground. They knocked on the seeds who stretched their roots down

(Hands closed and fingers stretch down one by one.)

and stretched up to blossom. The ferns uncurled.

(Hands closed, and fingers stretch up one by one.)

The stream woke up and ran on and on its way, washing the banks of the meadow

(Arms and hand describe boundary of meadow in the lap.)

until everything was clean and bright.

It was spring time.

One day the wind blew from the South.

* Blow breath out through the teeth softly, then gradually louder and then softer again.

(Blow breath out in a whisper.)

It was a gentle wind and it rustled the leaves ever so little on the trees;
(Let fingers move slightly as the arms stand upright.)

it rocked the baby birds in their nests;
(Describe nest with hands.)

it made the flowers nod
(Curved hands touching just above wrist, bowing toward each other.)

to each other while the bees went into them for honey and then flew out
(Let fingers dance away behind back.)

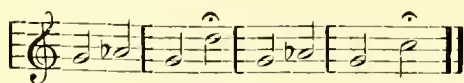
and away singing Buzz-z-z! Everyone was busy and everything was growing.

It was summer time.

One day the wind blew from the west and so softly that one could not see what it did—it could only be felt on the face or hands.

The trees were loaded with fruit, the corn waved with the full ear on the stalk, the vines were loaded with grapes, and the ground was rich with grains and vegetables.

Everything was ready to be gathered in. It was Fall. It was time for the North Wind to come back again, which he did very soon with his



Oo - oo oo oo - o!

FINGER REST EXERCISE FOR GROUP WORK.

Said the brownest little Brownie
(Close right hand with thumb raised.)
to the weest little Fairy.

(Close left hand with thumb raised.)
"Won't you come along and play a while with me?"

(Let the two hands face each other.)

Said the weest little Fairy
(Raise right thumb.)

To the brownest little Brownie,
(Raise left thumb.)

"Tell me what you want to play, then I will see!"

So this sprightly happy fellow found the broadest blade of grass,

(Open right hand and have palm for blade of grass.)

And balanced it upon a mossy stone;

(Place palm of left hand over back of right hand and balance up and down.)

And those little fairy children teetered gayly up and down—up and down all the afternoon alone.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Picture Day. Emphasize the aim or aims of the previous month's lessons.

SECOND SUNDAY.

The Baptism of Jesus—Text, Matt. 3:13-17; Mark 1:1-12.

Aim—"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

Introductory Talk.

Find out what the children know about baptism and help them to understand the importance and sacredness of the ordinance. Explain how we hope some day to live with the Savior and that this is one thing we *must* do to make ready for this wonderful time.

LESSON.

Before Jesus began His great work, God sent a man to tell the people to repent of their sins. This good man's name was John. He had a great message for the people, and he went into the country near the River Jordan to preach. He told the people that the Savior who had been promised was coming among them. He warned them to repent of their sins, which meant that they were to quit doing evil and do good. He told them, too, that they must be baptized. He knew that unless they left off their evil ways they would not believe in Jesus.

Many people believed that John was a great prophet among them. The

news of his preaching went over the country and many came to hear what he had to tell them. They gathered close around him and listened to what he said. His words were so firm and earnest that many believed and were willing to leave their evil ways. And when John told them that they must also be baptized, many went down into the water and were baptized.

One day, while John was preaching to a great crowd of people, a stranger came among them. He had just come from Nazareth, a little valley surrounded by beautiful hills. It was so full of flowers that many people say that the place was named Nazareth because there were so many flowers there. The houses were made of white stone, and were low and covered with flat roofs. One of these houses had been the home of this stranger, but now He left this quiet place, for the Lord was willing that He should begin His great work. His mother walked to the gates of the city with Him and there she bade Him good-bye. (Show pictures of "Jesus' Farewell to His Mother"—Hoffman, and "Christ Takes leave of His Mother"—Flockhurst.) He went on down to the River Jordan, where John was preaching and baptizing. When John saw the stranger walking towards him, he knew in a moment who He was, for the Spirit of God told him. He did not look like the others who had come. *His* words and manner showed love and goodness. Who could it be? Yes, it was Jesus.

When the people saw Him, they looked one at the other. Then John held out his hand, and pointing to Jesus, said: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world."

The people did not understand, so John said: "It is about Him that I have been telling you."

But this time Jesus stood by John and asked to be baptized. John knew that Jesus was without sin, and did

not understand why He had come to him to be baptized, so he said: "I have need to be baptized of Thee. Why do you come to me?"

You see, John did not feel that he was good enough to baptize Him, but Jesus wanted to be baptized because He wanted to show the people that John was right in his preaching. He desired to be an example to us and show us the way, and He wanted us to know that all who live with our Father in Heaven *must* be baptized, even Himself, who had no sin. You see, Jesus had to be baptized just the same as we will when we are old enough.

When John said, "Why do you come to me?" Jesus answered, "Suffer it to be so now, John, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness."

These words told John that though he could not understand why, still it was right that he should baptize Jesus. So John did as he was asked, and Jesus went down into the River Jordan and was baptized.

After Jesus came up out of the water the heavens opened and the Spirit of God came and rested upon Him in the form of a dove. Then a voice spoke—it was the voice of God. It said, "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Illustration—"A True Story."

A TRUE STORY.

Bennie and Alice Jones lived with their aunt, because their mother was dead, and their father could not be with them all the time.

Aunt Helen was a kind woman, who took good care of these little tots. Every Sunday morning she dressed them nicely and sent them to Sunday School. They also went to Primary and Religion Class, and were learning to be good children. Sometimes their father came to see them, and they would climb up on his knee, and put their heads on his shoulder, while he

asked them how they were getting along and what they did every day.

came to see his children, and when Bennie was curled up in his lap, he



CHRIST TAKES LEAVE OF HIS MOTHER. *Flockhurst.*

Now, their father was not a member of our Church, and one day Bennie told him that he and his sister went to Sunday School and Primary. "May we go again?" asked Bennie.

"Yes," said the father, "if your aunt wishes you to."

That made the children happy, for they loved to go to meeting.

Just before Christmas the father

said: "Bennie, what do you want Santa Claus to bring you for Christmas?"

"Oh! there is something I want very much."

"Well, what is it?" said papa.

"Will you ask Santa Claus for it?" asked the little boy.

"How can I tell unless I know what

it is?" Bennie's papa said, wondering what his little boy wanted.

"Oh! You must promise first to ask Santa Claus for what I want."

Then Mr. Jones tried and tried to guess. Was it a drum or a sled; a pair of skates or any of the things that most little boys want for Christmas? Bennie said he would like these toys, but there was something he wanted more than all.

"All right," said papa, "what is it?"

Then Bennie whispered, "I'm eight years old on Christmas day, and I want to be baptized. I'd rather have that than anything else. May I, papa?"

The father's heart was too full to answer at first, but when he could, he said, "Yes, my son."

Application—We can prepare ourselves for baptism by keeping our lives clean and pure.

MEMORY WORK.

"Little lambs so white and fair
Are the shepherd's constant care;
Now he leads their tender feet
Into pastures green and sweet.

Now they listen and obey
Following where he leads the way;
Heavenly Father, may we be
Thus obedient unto Thee."

THIRD SUNDAY.

Subject—Jesus and Nicodemus.

Text—John 3:1-11.

Aim—Baptism is essential to salvation.

Memory Gem—same as for previous Sunday.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Subject—Memorial Day.

Aim—Heroic effort is never lost

[See suggestions in JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for April, 1910, and don't lose sight of the fact that the day was instituted as a memorial to soldiers who died for country rather than to those of our kindred who are dying every year.]

MEMORY GEM.

"With flutter of flag and beat of drum,
In long procession the soldiers come.
Children come with their gathered flowers
And scatter them in scented showers
Over the graves of our soldiers brave,
Who fought our country's flag to save."

SUCCESS.

Not he who merely succeeds in making a fortune, and in so doing blunts the natural affections of the heart, and chases therefrom the love of his fellows, can be said to be truly successful: but he who so lives that those who know him best shall love him most; and that God, who knows not only his deeds, but also the inmost sentiments of his heart, shall love him. Of such an one only—notwithstanding he may die in poverty—can it be said indeed and of a truth,—“He should be crowned with the wreath of success.”

HEBER J. GRANT.



The Mink.

(*Putorius vison* and *Putorius luticephalus*.)

By Claude T. Barnes, M.S.P.R., M.A.O.U., M.B.S.W.

Picture an umber brown, elongated little animal, so small that he could curl cosily in your overcoat pocket, but withal a creature so ferocious, so bloodthirsty and so tenacious that the famous bull terrier takes second place to him as a fighter, and you have some impression of the most truculent of all weasels, the Mink, Minx or Vison as he is variously called. Yet, if the paradoxical bit of ferocity be taken from his mother before his eyes are open, petted and treated kindly, he becomes as amiable as a housecat, doing little damage except by ferretting out food not intended for him.

The Mink* (from the Swedish "maenk"), known everywhere for the excellence of its fur, is a member of the genus *Putorius* ("stinker") which

comprises weasel-like animals with long, slender bodies, short legs, bushy tails, short ears and five toes on each foot.

Its body is about 4 inches thick and, with tail, 24 inches long; its tail is 7 inches long, and its hind foot $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The female is smaller, for an average male weighs 2 pounds, but a female only 1 pound 10 ounces.

Everyone is acquainted with the beautiful color of the mink's fur—an umber brown, darker and glossier on the back and nearly black on the tail. Irregular white patches appear underneath, though unlike some other fur bearers, the species never turns white in winter.

One or another of the six mink species are found all over the United States and Canada except in Nevada, Arizona, lower California, southern New Mexico, the west halves of Utah and Idaho and Eastern Oregon. We have two species in Utah: *P. vison* in Box Elder, Rich, Morgan and

*Other names: French Canadian, "le Foutereau." Indian: Cree, "Sang-gwiss;" Ojibway, "Shang-gives-se;" Saut, "Sang-way-soo;" Chipewyan, "Tel-chu-say;" Ogallaia Sioux, "Lo-chin-cha;" Yankton Sioux, "Doke-sesch."

Weber counties; and *P. lutreoccephalus* throughout the eastern half of the state.

All minks delight in the borderland between water and woods—between the otter and the weasel, as it were. They can live in water and catch fish like the otter or follow prey into the cover of rushes and woods, over logs, into burrows and up rough or sloping trees, like the weasel.

Each mink covers a large territory, probably five miles across, in a single season, hunting in one place until game becomes scarce, then roaming a mile or so away, up one stream and down another. Thus the male may have several nests or refuge holes in the hunting range.

Strange to say, minks are not decreasing and, in fact, they have recently appeared along many new local streams.

Excepting during the mating season or when rearing the young, minks are solitary animals, a series of scented mud pies along commonly visited streams being their only designed means of communication.

The mink is not a noisy animal, yet it may growl, utter a deep, savage snarl, give a snarl of defiance which is almost a scream, or a shrill screech when trapped. Kennicott says it at times trills like a bunting, especially when hurt or excited; and of course it sniffs quite audibly when smelling out food.

Minks appear to be both polygamous and polyandrous; that is, the male has many wives, the female many husbands. During the mating season—February and March—the males wander restlessly over the snow while the females apparently remain in the burrows. Caged minks have to be separated for the male is so determined to brood or feed the young that he is liable to smother them.

Any low situation within sound of the stream's murmur may be chosen for the mink's den which consists usually of either a long burrow in a bank, or a hole under a log, stump or

root. Occasionally, it may be placed in a hollow tree, in the crevice of a rock, in a drain or in the nooks under bridges and stone piles. If made by the mink the burrow is 4 inches in diameter and from 10 to 12 feet long, 2 or 3 feet below the surface. One may occasionally find a mink in a badger, a skunk or a muskrat's hole, and, more rarely, a burrow made into the very heart of an ant hill because it is dry.

At the end of the tunnel a chamber 1 foot across is burrowed and lined with fine grass, feathers, and soft mosses. In this nest, from 3 to 10 though usually 5 or 6, young are born towards the last of April, the period of gestation being 42 days. The tiny, blind, naked, things are about the size of the little finger, pale colored and helpless. Their eyes open at the end of five weeks after which the mother begins to give them solid food, such as minnows she captures by diving from a rock in the stream. Probably all that pertains to the burrow and the nest is done by the mother alone.

Soon after their eyes open, the young venture forth with their mother, who immediately shows fight by snarling and screeching upon meeting an enemy of any kind. The young on such occasions disperse to the water. If the mother lead her progeny to an open road they will not cross, and she is compelled to seize each by the neck and carry them over the supposed danger, one at a time. They leave her in August; and at ten months are full grown.

Trout a foot long are sometimes captured by mink; and other food consists of frogs, toads, tadpoles, gray rabbits, snakes, clams, crayfish, and carrion. A mink will follow a muskrat to the furthest recesses of its burrow devouring even that intrepid little fighter. The muskrat can dive further, but the mink usually succeeds eventually. It will ravage a whole chicken coop in a single night, if possible, and eat nothing but blood and brain.

Valorous to an astonishing degree, and furious as a tiger, but not cunning, the mink seems to have a mania for killing. Like the buffalo hunters of early days, who shot half a dozen buffaloes at a time and took only the tongues, the mink will kill dozens of chickens and touch nothing but the blood and the brains.

It bounds about with its back raised high, and if surprised, stands straight up, looking extraordinarily long, and tries to get a full view of the enemy. It is chiefly nocturnal; but appears in the day time during the mating season.

If taken before its eyes open, a mink may be tamed so that it will run about the house like a cat.

Among the enemies of the mink must be counted the great horned owl which swoops down upon the unsuspecting little creature and carries it high into the air, dropping it if need be to kill it.

Dr. Cones* gives us a masterly description of a mink in a trap. "One who has not taken a mink in a steel trap can scarcely form an idea of the terrible expressions the animal's face assumes as the captor approaches. It has always struck me as the most nearly diabolical of anything in animal physiognomy. A sullen stare from the crouched motionless form gives to a new look of surprise and fear accompanied with the most violent contortion of the body, with renewed champings of the iron, till breathless, with heaving flanks and open mouth, dribbling saliva, the animal settles again and watches with a look of concentrated hatred, mingled

with impotent rage and frightful despair."

A writer in *Forest and Stream*, one time saw two minks fight to the death. They stood silently apart facing each other, their mouths open, backs arched and necks stretched forward—veritable miniature tigers. Their bodies quivered, and, breathing rapidly, they advanced to within 18 inches of each other, gathering strength for a final spring. They stood motionless a minute, and then as each turned its head slightly to the right, they sprang at each other furiously, each catching the other by the throat just back of the jaw. There they held with the grip of death—death to the one which should let go. They rolled and pulled, blood streaming, until finally weakness bore them down and they were both dead. Even then their jaws were set. The object was probably for each to grasp the other's jaw so as to prevent its getting any counter hold.

Minks store all sorts of food in their den, such as the remains of squirrels, muskrats and birds; and they are so strong that one has been known to drag a mallard duck a half a mile. On land they bound at a rate of 7 to 8 miles an hour.

The scent of the mink is most loathsome, even more unbearable than that of the skunk.

The furs are worth from \$4 to \$10 each. In 1906 at Lamson's, in London, 126,161 were sold. The Hudson Bay Co., procured 3,503,660 during the years 1821-1905; and other companies took 7,993,719 from 1821-1891. Thus the average taken yearly in North America is 154,000—and still the interesting little fighter holds its own!

* Furbearing Anim, 1871, p. 176.

"The gate of obedience is the only entrance to the path of power. A soul too proud to obey can never hope to learn anything well, or to understand life at all.

The Arab and His Religion.

By J. M. Tanner.

III.

In writing of this peculiar faith some one will be heard to ask: "Why speak of the Arab and his religion, when it is so well known that other nationalities such as the Persians, the Turks and various tribes of Africa are devout in their professions of Islam?" In the first place other nationalities have received the teachings of Mohammed after a process of filtration. In the next place there is a peculiar responsiveness between the Arab and his religion that is not found in any other class of people. To understand the Islam you must first understand the Arab. If you would appreciate the Arab you must know something of his religion.

Mohammed is the great prophet of the Moslem world. He was born in the year 570 of our era. In early life he was an orphan and poor. He lived a life common to his people; engaged in trivial warfares and carried on commerce according to the customs of his age. Of that which we call educational training he had none; indeed writing had just been introduced into Arabia. Some claim that Mohammed never learned the art of writing. He grew up among the people devoid of any training that would fit him in the eyes of the world as a teacher of his people. There are reasons to believe that he was given to intense meditations. If he did not meditate upon the things of God as he wandered over the trackless desert, guided in his course by the stars of heaven, he would not have been a true child of his race. At the age of twenty-five he married a rich widow, Kadijah, who was then forty. He might have enjoyed a much more luxurious life than that to which he had been accustomed. However, as he grew in years he grew in earnestness and devotion: the spirit within him constantly prompted him

to those deep inquiries which have to do with the relationship between man and his God. Such thoughts forced him to retreat from the worldly life about him and give himself up to meditation and prayer, and when once the questionings of his soul had been answered to his satisfaction, deep-seated conviction seized hold upon him; carried him out into the world around him, in which he proclaimed the message he had received. That message is a peculiar one. However, it brought to the world a new religion. In the mind of all who have since become his followers his name and the faith he propounded have become inseparable. Was he really a prophet? Measured by the standard of Christ's declaration: "By their fruits ye shall know them," Mohammed is certainly worthy of the title. There was in him a fiery zeal which kindled a religious life that burns steadily on.

There is in Mohammed a striking difference in the position which he held and that occupied by the founders of the different religions in the Pagan world. No Arab worships Mohammed. He would be the first to repudiate such a thought, and yet his great name is held in the utmost reverence by the Mohammedan world. That world believes that Mohammed is simply an instrumentality of a divine purpose and enjoyed the distinction of receiving first-hand a divine message.

That there was inspiration in the life of this wonderful man, the Koran, the book which he gave to his followers, completely attests. One cannot read his life and draw comparisons as he goes along with the prophets of Holy Writ, without the conviction that between him and them there is a real kinship in motives, methods and aims. The old Israelitish prophets were to his mind beautiful exemplars of the complete resignation to God's will.

Of course there were things said and done by Mohammed that are open to criticism and disbelief by a modern world like ours. Things he said appear to us often childish, unreasonable, undesirable; but even in the most commonplace of his sayings, yea, even among those which we call crude, there is a spirit of deep seated earnestness, intensity of devotion by which the spirit of all he did and said over-shadowed every trivialty of his life. He never once lost sight of his mission. If he was beset by the common frailties of human nature, he moved above them whenever the occasion required. A striking example of this is given in the domestic relations of his life. His first wife, it is said, died at the age of fifty; his young favorite wife Ayesha, was a woman of pronounced character, whose qualities of heart and mind are often praised in the Moslem world. She was no doubt ambitious—he no doubt felt some ecstasy of joy that came from her companionship. It is

recorded of her, that on one occasion she approached Mohammed with a question of her own superior importance to his life: "Now, am I not better than Kadajah?" She was a widow; and had lost her looks; "you love me better than you did her?" "No, by allah!" Mohammed answered. "No by allah! She believed in me when none else would believe. In all the world I had but one friend and she was that." There are other incidents which illustrate how Mohammed could rise to lofty inspiration when the occasion required; and further, the Koran is perhaps the very best evidence of the inspiration of Mohammed's life. Of that book we shall speak later. It is not easy to sit down and read the life of this wonderful man by any gifted and impartial author, without rising in the belief that he was truly a prophet because of the fruits which he brought to life, and by reason of the uplift to all nations that profess faith in his teachings.

Flower Planting in April.

Nothing adds so much to the beauty of our homes as well cultivated gardens and flowers. THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR intends to assist its subscribers in beautifying their surroundings, and commends the following suggestions, made by the Salt Lake Board of Park Commissioners, to its readers. Get the flower planting habit; it is a good one.

"The month of April may rightly be called the most important for garden work, as the planting of trees, shrubs, and plants, and the seeds of nearly all annual plants on which will depend the beauty of your garden during the coming summer is to be done this month.

"Finish the pruning of shrubs and roses, and cultivate all your borders and beds for flowers. Clean the lawns and make good use of the rake and

roller to free the grass of dead stalks and to bring it to a level and compact surface. Cover all bare spots, and fill all holes and uneven places with soil, and seed the same. During this month, if we have good weather, we recommend for poor worn out lawns the use of a chemical fertilizer (prepared fertilizer), to be applied just before or during a rain-storm, at the rate of not less than 10 pounds to the square rod. This application will restore your lawn to an unexpected beauty, by giving color and strength to the grass.

"Tree spraying should be done now, before the trees are leafing. The spraying solution should consist of the lime and sulphur mixture. However, unless this solution is properly made it is useless to go to the expense of it. The main points are to have the mix-

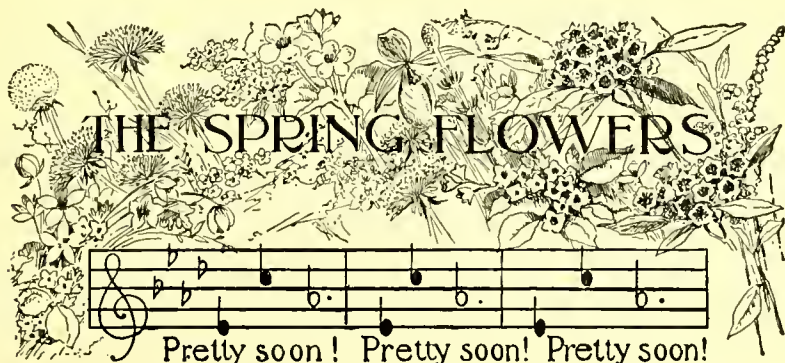
ture well boiled and applied while hot, entirely coating every part of the tree. When properly done, the spraying will kill by contact all scale, aphids and their eggs, and will certainly be of great benefit; besides the lime has an invigorating influence on the life of the tree.

"It is time now to plant gladioli, a bulb flower of easy culture and great beauty and usefulness as a cut flower, which, when planted at intervals of from 10 days to 2 weeks, until June, will supply a regular crop of good cut flowers. Plant trees, shrubs and roses; but let it be well understood that the planting of a tree does not consist in merely placing it in a hole, but that there are special requirements in order to attain the desired results. Dig a hole sufficiently large to give plenty of room to the roots and lay aside the subsoil; dress the roots by smoothing the bruised ends with a sharp knife, and straighten out the fibrous roots; fill in the bottom of the hole with some well cultivated pulverized loam, to such a height as to place the tree a little higher than it was planted before; that is, to let the collar (the dividing line between the root and the trunk) be a little above the grade of the soil. Fill good soil (pulverized) between the roots, and with the hands, or by pouring water on the soil, see that it fills all the space between the roots, and finish by filling the hole and tamping the soil to a moderate compact-

ness. Never let any manure come in contact with the roots. Trim the branches to proper shape to balance the roots. The further success of the tree depends mainly on the care taken. Nearly 50 per cent of the failures in tree, shrub, and flower planting, is caused by overwatering, or, in the case of flowers, too deep planting. As long as the tree has no leaves to perspire moisture, it is very impractical to give it more water than is necessary to keep the soil slightly moist. Further, it is better to preserve the moisture by mulching and cultivating, than to turn the soil sour by overwatering.

"During this month it is well to plant some annual flower seeds (when the weather permits), such as the following varieties, which are strong and easy to grow: Calliopsis, Niagella, Delphinium, Lavatera, Mignonetta, Zienna, Nasturtium, Linum, Marigolds, Stocks, etc. Merely sow the flower seeds on top of the soil, very lightly covering them with from 1-8 to 1-16 of an inch of powdered soil. Shade the surface with burlap or other protection until the seed is germinated, and then gradually expose it to the light. Transplant the little plants (when large enough to handle) at a greater distance apart, until they are developed into little bedding plants.

With proper care one dollar's worth of good seeds will furnish you cut-flowers and beauty for your garden during the entire season.





Children's Section.

The Blessed Easter.

By R. A. A. R.

"What on earth possesses Christian people to allow their children to desecrate the holy Sabbath day by making a holiday of Easter is more than I can understand. Some of these young people have no more respect for that day than to go riding off to canyons as though it were a national day set apart for pleasure. I am sure our Savior never would approve of this treatment of the Sabbath any more than He approved of the defiling of the Temple."

Aunt Julie, spending the day and sewing at Violet's mother's, gave her opinions very convincingly, and there was no opposing her.

Poor Violet bent her head over the flowery petunias in the window and smelled them very hard. She thought Aunt Julie would not see her quivering chin, for she was ashamed to cry. But all the girls had been planning the best time for Easter. Mattie's brother Paul, who went every day to the farm, six miles away, had promised the girls an Easter ride out to "The Willows." "The Willows" was a pretty grassy place by the creek, shaded by tall willow trees. They would take picnic and their eggs, and Paul would make them a big swing. Of course they would be gone all day,

and would miss Sunday School. Violet had resolved at the beginning of the New Year not to miss a Sunday School if she could help it. She thought of it now, but it was only this once, and besides, she almost always had to stay at home. What did it matter what Aunt Julie said, anyway? She was an old maid, older than her own mother. Violet gave a scornful glance at her wrinkly white face, and gray streaking hair, as she bent over her sewing. It was a dress for Violet, and nearly all morning she had been eagerly watching the pleating of the skirt, until she had spoken about the Easter plans, and Aunt Julie had said such things that she feared her mother would not allow her to go. Perhaps Violet didn't feel that she was doing exactly right, for she knew Aunt Julie spoke the truth. Like many older people, she tried to excuse herself by finding fault with somebody else.

"Look at that little bob screwed up back of her head. Nobody else wears hair like that. And her hat's a little comical thing. She's always out of style, and I guess she doesn't like fun like other people."

Violet got so vexed with her thinking that she felt she was about to cry, so she left the room and went out to see the yellow chicks. She leaned over the coop for half an hour, pretending

to watch the chicks, and all the time thinking mean thoughts about Aunt Julie.

When her mother called her to try her dress on, she went stumbling along with her head down, and didn't look up when she got in.

"I can see that Violet is feeling bad about Easter. Tomorrow I want you to come over to my house and have dinner with me. Come at half past eleven. I will tell you a story, my dear."

Hearing Aunt Julie say this made Violet feel so guilty, she could not reply.

"Will you come?" asked Aunt Julie.

Violet just could manage to say "Ye—es" very faintly. It was unusual for Aunt Julie to invite anyone to come to see her. She was always busy sewing, and never seemed to have time. Violet could not help expecting a good time, for she had been there before a few times.

Next day promptly at eleven-thirty, she started for the little house in the quiet lane. Aunt Julie was in the door.

"So glad to see you, Violet, and I'm getting dinner already. You come right into the best room and look at the cards and books and tidies, or anything you like."

It was pleasant in that little best room. The door was open facing the porch, and the dear old pear tree was full of sweet-smelling blossoms. Violet sat in the little low rocker with its silk patchwork cushions, and looked at everything.

"And now, child, you must help me set the table," said Aunt Julie.

So Violet spread the cloth on the little round table in the best room, and set on the blue-painted sugar bowl and plates, and brought a pitcher of water from the well.

Such a dinner as they had,—cream biscuits, preserved pears, currant jelly, cookies, and much more of Aunt Julie's fine cooking!

After dinner it was nothing but

pleasure to help wash dishes, and then they went out on the porch for the story.

"You know, Violet," Aunt Julie began, "that your father and I have not always lived here. We came with our parents from England many years ago. It was not to get rich or to make a better living that we came, for we had plenty there, but it was to gather with the Saints. Our English home was a happy one. I have but to close my eyes, and I can see the white plastered old home, and the walnut trees, with the green hedge in front. Ah! I see, too, that fine-looking man with the blue eyes and black curling hair. He was a good man, and was going to be my husband some day. His name was Wallace Borden. Your father was a little boy, but he will still remember him. I was happy then, and young, not wrinkled, and old-looking as I am now. We loved each other more than anything in the world. We both joined the Church, but my parents were able to leave the old home to come to this land before he was. More than half my life has passed since the day we stood on the shore together, I, ready to cross the Atlantic, and he come to say goodbye. I was glad to come, but it was hard to face a journey of thousands of miles, with him behind, even though he expected to follow soon.

"His last words to me were: 'Julie, I feel that your ship is taking my very life away, but, God willing, I will come after you, and we shall be married in Zion.'

"You cannot realize until you get older how sad we felt. But I went on my way.

"One dear letter I got from him after arriving here, and then I waited long, weary weeks. When the letter came it was not in his handwriting. It said that he had been sick, that he had had pneumonia, and as he had been a stone cutter since he was a little boy, the dust from the rock had settled in his lungs, so that the disease went hard with him. It was all

explained kindly and carefully to me, and how he had often asked for me when he was sick, and that he wished to be sealed to me for the next life. At the last of the letter it said that he had died.

"My girl, my grief was terrible, it was a lifelong sorrow. Here I was in a strange country, with a continent and an ocean separating me from his grave. I felt that if I could but fly to that little green churchyard where he lies and die on his grave, I should ask no more. Sometimes I thought I should save money to take me there.

"But now I know that his spirit may be here as well as there, and that when I leave this world our souls will be as quickly united as if we slept in the same spot. I turned my thoughts to God, and the glorious promise of the resurrection.

"This is what Easter means to us, my dear. You remember how it tells us in the Bible that our Savior lay in the tomb till the third day, and then came the heavenly angel to roll the stone away, and Christ came forth. We know that if we do right we shall receive life again when Jesus comes back to earth.

"On Easter day I love to go to church to hear the hymns and the sermon. It comforts me, and I come home in the evening and dream of the future day of the glorious resurrection, when we shall meet again. For me it is a day of worship and prayer."

Aunt Julie closed her sad life story with a far-away look in her tear-dimmed eyes. And Violet felt tears in her own, but she was not ashamed of them. Her heart was filled with pity for her aunt, whose face and form with the pear blossom back ground looked almost heavenly to her now.

And what was the rest of the story? Did Violet go to "The Willows?" Yes, she went, but on Saturday instead of Sunday. For Violet told her chum about it, and they both made up their minds not to break the Sabbath. The other girls, too, began to think it was

not right. So they went home early from school on Friday to help do the Saturday's work, and on Saturday they spent a happy day at "The Willows."

The Cat's Soliloquy.

In fall, when I peer out at night,
The stars seem very, very bright.
They're surely brighter when it's cold;
And though I never have been told,
I know those little stars all try
To shine their brightest in the sky,
To warm the world and make things bright
For cats who sing outdoors all night.
Now don't you think that I am right?"

An April Fool Joke.

By Ida S. Peay.

The plotting began the moment Mr. and Mrs. Grey left the house. Mrs. Grey had said, "George," suppose you and I go in and spend the evening with your mother"—she lived next door—"while the children are studying their lessons."

But no sooner had the door closed behind them than the schemes began to be laid. Baby Ben (of course he was no baby, but the biggest man ever was, and had started to school,—he came by that name because he was the last edition) well, Ben was the first to attract attention by his foolish antics. He ducked his head under the study table and squirmed in his chair until one would think he was having a spasm; but to the initiated, the sight of his tiny freckled nose screwed up and his little round eyes emitting blue sparks of glee made it quite plain that he was indulging in silent laughter.

"What's struck you, now," drawled sober Vergie, the next in line from the bottom.

"Takin' a fit," hazzarded Jodie, almost a man, according to his own account of himself.

"Come, little broth'," said the eldest of the family, sweet and clever Kate. "what ails you?"

But "little broth" even if he had

not been too convulsed to speak evidently did not care to share his fun. However, after much coaxing, he agreed to tell Kate if she'd promise "never to breathe it;" and this is what he whispered to her over in the corner:

"Tomorra' is All Fool's Day?" he confided, "and I'm goin' to get the dandiest 'one' on the hull crowd—but you—see? I'll set the alarm for four o'clock, a. m.; a'course, then I'll git up and put some old rags in a pan,—a ole pan—and set 'em on fire, then I'll rush through the house with the smudge an' smoke cryin' Fire! Fire! Fire! Gee! everybody will run out doors in their night gowns and holler an' rant 'round. Gee, but won't that be a sight!" and he had to double up with delight again.

Well, here, indeed was a job for Kate, kind hearted, good Kate, though she was certainly equal to it. Jodie had often said he believed that Kate could even get a good deed from a "cut-throat."

And to be sure it was not so very hard to dissuade Baby Ben, whose little heart, after all, was as good as gold.

Thus a half hour later this pretty group had their heads together over the study table working out the details of an intricate and startling plot conceived and enticingly presented by that remarkable reformer, Miss Kate. The alarm clock was to play an important part, therefore Bennie, who had cheerfully given up his "cute trick" when he heard Kate's scheme said, any way, they would have to "thank him for thinking of the clock."

At seven o'clock the next morning Mr. and Mrs. Grey awoke to a new tune. They were usually the first in the house to rise, but there were now certainly many strange sounds down stairs.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked Mrs. Grey sleepily.

"Perhaps its one of the children trying to get an April fool on us," said Mr. Grey. "I expect they have all

kinds of tricks ready for us when we go down. Say, Martha," he exclaimed as an idea struck him, "let us not go down until eight o'clock and the joke will be on them.

The tired mother who was the maid of all work and had trained her family to help her much, and who was also a "Martha," demurred at first but finally conceded and enjoyed another hour and a half of sound slumber, which she very much needed.

At eight thirty o'clock the parents rushed down stairs with their morning duties weighing very heavily upon them because of the lateness of the hour.

In passing the bed-rooms the house-keeper's eagle eye perceived that the floors were swept and washed and beds made, also, that the hall and stairs were cleaned and polished.

Half dazed, she passed through the front rooms—they were as clean as wax. Mr. Grey ran out to find his chores all done; he hurried back and met his, by now, highly mystified wife in the dining-room. There was a steaming hot breakfast spread neatly on the table while the children were all in their places clean and smiling waiting for them.

Mrs. Grey just had to use her handkerchief as she dropped into her place at the dainty board.

"I did not formerly believe in fairies," she exclaimed, her voice broken with happiness, "but now I do, I certainly do."




Mr. Grey smiled a broad smile and nodded his head as much as to say he did, too, but he didn't venture to speak.



Baby Ben began to duck his head and go into a spell similar to the one he had the night before, only worse. At last he snickered out:




"Well, Kate's April Fool Joke beat mine all holler."




There's always lots of other folks you kin be sorry for 'stid of yourself.
—Mrs. Wiggs.





PINKY-WINKY STORIES

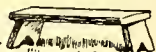



 CLIP, clap! went the , and out came a Pinky-Winky Tulip. "The Pinky-Winky ,



"said Uncle Billy, "was as pink as Pinky's two  or the  on Winky's hair.

It had a straight green stem and three straight green , and it stood in a fine red  with a whole row of other  on a bench by the side of the


, and every day the gardener came with his watering- and gave every  a drink. Now, one by one, all the other tulips were taken away.

A lady with a  bought one, and a lady with a  bought another, and a little  bought a third, and so it went, till the Pinky-Winky  stood all alone


on the  Then the Pinky-Winky  pouted, as Pinky's and Winky's two  pout, sometimes, when they are cross. 'If I am to be a stay-at-home ,

'it said, 'I will shut my leaves up tight, and never open at all!' So the Pinky-Winky  shut its leaves up tight. And a drop of dew, bright as a , knocked at the door







and cried, 'Let me in!' But the tulip would not. And a breeze, soft as a 's wing, knocked at the door and cried, 'Let me in!' But the tulip would not.




And a sunbeam, straight from the golden , knocked at the door and cried, 'Let me in!' But the tulip would not.

And last of all, the  came, with a little pale  who had to stay at



home when the other children went off to play. 'My little stay-at-home , ' said the gardener, 'here is a stay-at-home flower for you!' And the little girl smiled and kissed the  with her soft .

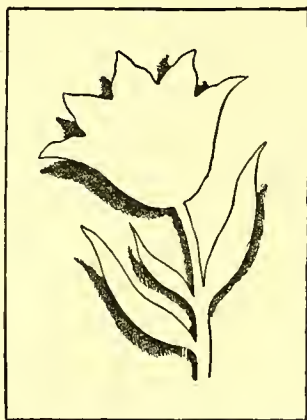
'Let me in!' she said. And lo and behold, the Pinky-Winky  opened its leaves wide, like this."

Snip, snap! went the , and there was the Pinky-Winky tulip opening its leaves

wide. "And in went the drop of dew and the butterfly breeze and the golden sunbeam, as gay as you please," said Uncle Billy. "What a lovely !" said the little

stay-at-home . So the

Pinky-Winky  and the little  stayed at home together, and were as happy as the day was long!"



Planning the Easter Walk.

It was a few days before that joyous spring holiday, the glad Easter, and the children were planning a wonderful "Easter walk" to the sunny side of the little hill not far from town. Hortense and Eva were the rival leaders of this little crowd, and each girl was determined to have her way, their methods being respectively those of the proverbial "forcing wind" and the "coaxing sun."

"Next Saturday, bright and early, we will all meet at my home," Eva was saying.

"Saturday!" cried Hortense in opposing tones, "Saturday is not Easter, and if there is anything I hate it is to have birthdays, Easter walks and Maydays before or after the proper day. We must go on Sunday, that is the right time, and I for one do not think it is wrong to go then, neither does my big sister, May. It does not make a person better merely to fold his arms piously in church when his thoughts are far away. That's pretending, and I won't pretend."

Such sophistry enters the mind at an early age, so this speech accompanied by an assumption of bravado and independence had quite an effect upon the listening boys and girls.

"I'll tell you how I do, I have *two* Easter days every year. It's so much nicer. Hadn't any of you thought of that, I suppose?" Eva asked. "Well, you see," she went on in her pretty confidential way, "Saturday I have my eggs, which I color and dress, I have my 'chicks' and 'bunnies' and send postcards and go Easter walking, and play out of doors and have the jolliest kind of a time. I call that my Easter for pleasure. Then comes the beautiful Easter Sabbath, the most wonderful of any day in the year because it was the day that Christ ascended into heaven, so I call that day my Easter for Thoughts."

"For what?" asked rowdy Jack, watching the spiritual and lovely expression on the speaker's face.

"For what?" he asked again, edging closer to the loadstone of his childhood fancy.

"My Easter for Thoughts," explained the little minister; "do you not like to think about Jesus, our Savior, and marvel how He could live again even after He had been crucified and killed? I like to think about that, because it makes me know that I and you shall live again after we pass away from this world. Isn't it a grand thing to think about, Jack?" and she turned enquiringly to her best school friend.

"You bet," murmured the lad softly, not withdrawing his gaze from her pretty face.

"And then you know," continued Eva, "Easter Sunday is the right, proper day for us to thank God for Christ's sacrifice for us. Just think! our Father sent His Only Son down here to die for us, and then He raised Him up to live again that we might understand how our own resurrection is possible, and that gives us hope and faith, don't it, Jack?"

"You bet," murmured the boy again, awed by the preaching and the preacher, he was combining, as we all do, an earthly and heavenly awakening to—well—what? anyway, the best that was in him responded to her childish efforts to uplift.

"Don't you think it is best to have two Easter's as I do?" she asked them sweetly. They every one echoed Jack, crying,

"You bet."

Even Hortense was converted, and Eva further planned enthusiastically that they, after the Saturday walk, all go to church together, "just to see," as Eva said, "if they couldn't get even more happiness from the "Easter for Thoughts" than they had known on the "Easter for Pleasure."—J. A. P.

The Children's Budget Box.

The Contributions to the Budget Box this month were unusually good.

On account of lack of space, we have decided to print only pictures and poetry in this number, leaving out the prose until next month.

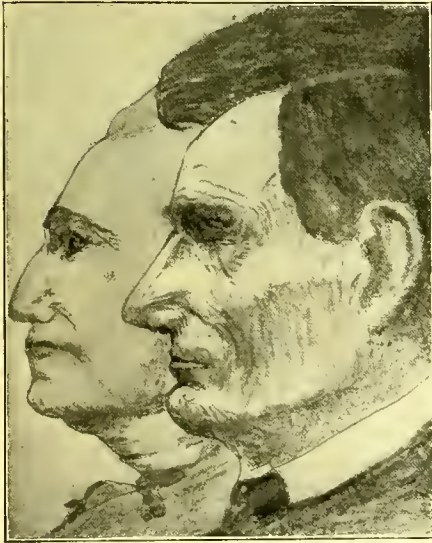
Washington and Lincoln.

George Washington was a man you know,
Abe Lincoln was another.
They were to our country and the world
A father and a brother.

Washington won our liberty,
And Lincoln freed the slave.
It's hard to say which comes ahead,
For both were good and brave.

Er Christiansen,
Spring City, Utah.

Age 17.



TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

Hazel Robinson.
Spring City, Utah.

Age 15.

The Maple Tree.

Come, little bird, and build your nest
In our big maple tree;
Where naughty boys with slings and
stones
Can't harm thy nest nor thee!
And there I'll play beneath its shade,
Companions we will be,
And when we go to bed at night,
Dear birdie, you will see,
We'll thank our God for life so bright,
And for the maple tree.

Melvin Strong.

Age 12.

A Book Worth Having.

There's a dear little book which we look
for each year,
And to all that have read it it's held very
dear:

For in it there's knowledge and truth,
and I'm told

There are also amusements for young
and for old;

There are poems and stories, very pleas-
ing to read,

And also good counsel, which we all
ought to heed.

Now, the name of this book, you can
easily guess,

For if you don't know it, 'tis a shame, I
confess.

If you'll just stop to think of a book of
such character

"Why, of course," you will say, "'tis the
JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR."

Roxana Farnsworth,

Age 13.

Manti, Utah.



Copy By Irvin Scott,

Age 14.

Provo, Utah.

Pussy Willow.

See the Pussy Willow waving
By the pleasant little brook;
Happy, swaying in the March wind
As through the world his way he took.

Pussy Willow now is telling
Us the good news of the Spring,
As in all trees of the green-wood
Happily the sweet birds sing.

Glen Howe,

Age 9.

South Cottonwood.

Spring-time.

Daffodils so bright and yellow,
Coming in the early spring;
Nature's voice, so soft and mellow,
Calls you first to welcome bring.

Mother Nature still keeps calling,
Warbling birds join in the theme,
And one by one the flowers are bloom-
ing.
Until all spring-time's ushered in.

Blue-eyed violets, with their fragrance,
Crocus blossoms, every hue,
Help you feel the sweetest cadence
Birds and blossoms bring to you.

Bertha May Thurgood.
Age 11. Hooper, Utah.



Milking Time
Photograph by Anna M. Lewis,
Age, 10. Mesa, Ariz.

The Violet.

Dainty little violet,
Blooming in the sun,
How we love to greet you
When the Spring has come.
How we love to take you
To the sick-room door,
Let you smile your sweetest
To the orphans poor.

Modest little flowerlet,
Blooming in the grass,
Send your perfume sweetest
As the children pass.
Do you take a message
To the poor man's cot?
Do you think so proudly
Of your happy lot?

Cheering up the lonely soul,
Making bright a life
That is sadly darkened
By this world of strife.
Hold your head up bravely
Till the day is done;
Lend your sweetest fragrance
Till the strife is won.

A. A. Chamberlain,
Age 15. Ranch, Utah.

The Spring.

Oh! Merry Spring is here again.
The trees are turning green.
And spring it is the merriest time
That ever I have seen.

The birds are singing gaily
And everything is bright,
And the pretty trees and grasses
Make such a glorious sight.

I am always glad to see you, Spring,
For then the birds begin to sing.
And the flowers begin to bloom
And the air is full of sweet perfume.

Bessie McBride,
Age 9. Fairview, Ariz.

The Birds.

"Good morning!" said the blue-bird,
"Good morning!" the trees replied.
"How welcome the happy greeting,
That glorious Spring's arrived.

"Up! up!" the blue jay cries,
"For the dismal hour of night
Has fallen from the fleeting skies,
And into it slips the light."

"Wake! wake!" the robins twitter,
"For the breaking of the day
Has stolen the dark from the evening,
And hidden it all away."

Vera Larsen,
Age 15. Spring City, Utah.

Ichabod Crane.

He was tall and lank,
About like a plank,
With narrow shoulders,
Which poked up like boulders;
Dangling hands as you have guessed,
Flat on the ground his feet would rest.
His head was long, but flat at top;
Of hair he had not a very good crop.
His glassy eyes were very green,
For many blocks they were easily seen.
His long snipe nose was very red,
He was very slow, 'twas always said;
His long spindle neck was a bit
Hard to get a collar to fit.
His legs were curved about like a bow;
He was a preacher long ago.
Who is this man of many years?
Stop! I forgot to mention his ears.
They were huge, red, and very lean,
But oh, so very plainly seen.
They say when a person's ears poke out
That he is blessed with hearing no doubt.
Well this man was surely blessed,
As a preacher is with all the rest.

Erma Blain,
Age 15. Spring City, Utah.

Pussy Willow.

Pussy Willow, Pussy Willow,
Come, for spring is here;
The robins are all singing
And the world is full of cheer.

Pussy Willow, Pussy Willow,
Come with your pussies gray;
For the raindrops are now calling
And the sun is warm to-day.

Pussy Willow, Pussy Willow,
Come, the snow is gone from here,
And now we are only waiting
For the little pussies dear.
Zetta Laney,
Age 14. Kamas, Utah.



Hill Cumorah,
By Pauline Greer,
Age 16. Holbrook, Ariz.

A Lazy Boy's Story.

Here comes the class in arithmetic,
I declare it almost makes me sick;
With common divisors and fractions, too,
It pretty near bores my head right through.

I can't for the life of me understand
Where I ever, ever will land.
If I have to go on with this gruesome
work,
I am sorely tempted my duties to shirk.

Age 12. Ila Wing, Provo.

Competition No. 13.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contribution of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.

Stories: Not more than three hundred words.

Photographs: Any size.

Drawings: Any size.

Rules.

Competition will close May 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must not be folded.

Address, The Children's Budget Box, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.**Answers.**

Correct answers to the February squared words are as follows:

1	2
FIVE	MUCH
INEZ	UGLY
VERR	CLOD
EZRA	HYDE
3	4
SCAN	PAGE
CARE	ARID
AREA	GIBE
NEAT	EDEN

We have received no correct solution.

Hidden Nuts.

By Netta Vincent, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In each sentence is found the name of a nut. Find the answers.

1—He is a rope canvasser.

2—He will have something special Monday.

3—You should keep each bird in a separate cage.

4—I will ship, in each box, a small amount.

5—The storm was of short duration, but terrible in its destruction.

For the ten best answers to this puzzle we will award book prizes.

All answers must be in by May 1st.

Address: Puzzle Editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Jocular Mood.

In Mexico.

"Flag of truce, Excellency."

"Well, what do the revolutionists want?"

"They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk."

Ready for It.

The young son had been naughty and had been sent to bed supperless.

Presently when the boy's mother wasn't looking, his father slipped upstairs and whispered through the door of the boy's room: "Son, could you eat some honey in the comb."

"Dad," the boy said, "I could eat it in the brush."

Fruitless Struggle.

"I understand that after waiting twenty years she married a struggling man?"

"Yes, poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him."—*Brooklyn Life*.

The Sufferer.

"Little boy," asked a well-meaning farmer, "is that your mamma over there with the beautiful set of furs?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"Well," continued the man, "do you know what poor animal it was that had to suffer in order that your mother might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, quickly, "my papa."

Getting Ready.

Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes papa," said Maurice. "I'm going to make believe I'm asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."—*Harper's Magazine*.

Reassuring.

Nervous Party—"The train seems to be traveling at a fearful pace, ma'am."

Elderly Female—"Yus; ain't it? My Bill's a drivin' of the ingen, an' 'e can make 'er go when 'e's got a drop o' drink in 'im."—*Tit-Bits*.

Kept Busy.

Little Howard came in the other day crying and rubbing several bumps caused by a series of "butts" administered by a pet sheep.

"Well, Howard," said his sympathetic auntie, "what did you do when the sheep knocked you down?"

"I didn't do anything. I was getting up all the time."

Irreverent.

Robert, aged ten, was playing with the other boys on the corner of Nineteenth and Tioga streets, when his mother, who had been listening to his conversation, called him.

"Robert," she began, in a grieved tone, "I never thought I'd hear you swearing."

"Why, I wasn't swearing, mother," the boy defended himself. "I only said 'the devil.' That isn't swearing."

"Well," replied the mother quickly, "maybe it isn't exactly swearing, but it is making light of sacred things."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Many Play the Position.

Mrs. Neighbors—"They tell me your son is in the college football eleven."

Mrs. Malaprop—"Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Neighbors—"Do you know what position he plays?"

Mrs. Malaprop—"Ain't sure, but I think he's one of the drawbacks."—*Chicago News*.

The Bishop and the Druggist.

One day a bishop chanced into the shop of a druggist who was very fond of a joke—on somebody else. The druggist, wishing to have a joke at the bishop's expense, asked:

"Bishop, can you tell me the difference between an ass and a bishop?"

The bishop could not.

"Well," said the druggist, smiling all over, "an ass carries its cross, (burden) upon its back, but a bishop carries his cross (of gold) on his breast."

"Very good," replied the bishop, and then continued: "Now tuen, my friend, can you tell the difference between an ass and a druggist?"

After some hesitation the druggist answered: "No, sir, I can't."

"Neither can I," retorted the bishop as he walked out.

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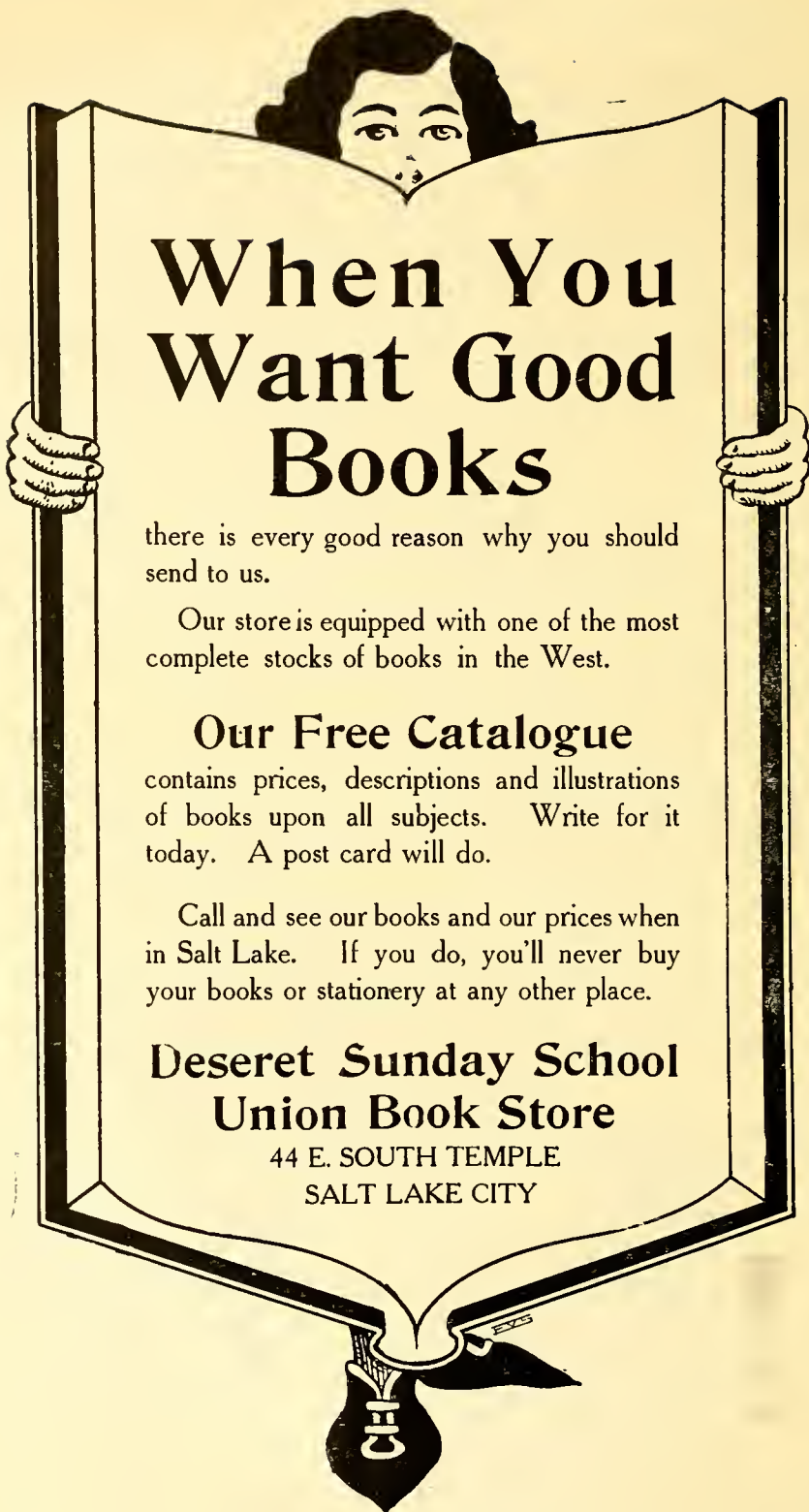
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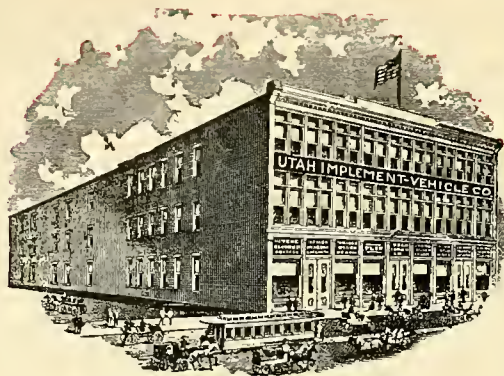


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